

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

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No. 30.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

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Arrangements for the issue of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Tourist Tickets will be in force from May 16th to the 31st October, 1874.

For particulars see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

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MARGATE & BACK, Daily, via Tilbury, by Special EXPRESS TRAINS, from Fenchurch-street Station. Week-days at 10.30 a.m., Sundays at 9.7 a.m., by the PRINCE OF WALES; returning from Margate daily at 3.30 p.m. There and Back, 5s. 6d. or 4s. 6d.; children, 2s. 6d.; single journey, 5s., 4s., or 2s. 6d.

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ALHAMBRA.—In Act 2nd of "The Demon's Bride," a Grand Ballet Divertissement, THE STAR OF HOPE, by M. Derwinne. Première danseuse, Mdlle. PITTERI.

ALHAMBRA.—In Act 3rd, Grand Divertissement Carnavalesque, by the Coryphées and Corps de Ballet.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Lessee and Manager.—Re-appearance of Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, and production of THE TWO ORPHANS, adapted from the French by John Oxenford. THIS EVENING, at 7.30. New scenery by Julian Hicks. New dresses by Sam. May and Mrs. Sweeney. New overture and music by Mr. Mallandaine. The play produced under the personal direction of Mr. Henry Neville. Characters represented by

MISS FOWLER (Louise), Miss Ernstone (Henriette), Mrs. Huntley, her fourth appearance in London (La Frochard), Miss May Douglas, her fourth appearance in London (Marianne), Mrs. Charles Harcourt (Genéviève), Miss Annie Taylor (Florette), and Mrs. Charles Viner (the Countess de Linière).

MR. HENRY NEVILLE (Pierre), Mr. William Rignold (Jacques), Mr. Charles Harcourt (the Count de Linière), Mr. Sugden (the Chevalier de Vaudry), Mr. Vollaire (the Doctor), Mr. Frank Roland (the Marquis de Presles), and Mr. G. W. Anson (Picard).

THE TWO ORPHANS, in six acts and eight tableaux, EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Preceded, at 7, by TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER. Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending SEPTEMBER 26th, 1874.

MONDAY, Sept. 21st.—Popular Fête. Great Fountains. Balloon Races. Military Bands. Assault of Arms.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22nd.—Operettas, Offenbach's 'Rouge et Noir,' and 'Howling Wind.' Messrs. F. Russell, H. Grey, and T. Distin; and Miss Alice Barth.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23rd.—Instrumental Concert.

THURSDAY, Sept. 24th.—Operettas repeated as above.

SATURDAY, Sept. 26th.—First Day of Annual Cat Show. Dramatic Performance.

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MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m. till ten p.m.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, July 18th, 1874.

One of the best panoramas ever exhibited in London may now be seen at the Agricultural Hall. Join one of "Hamilton's Excursions to America," and in the space of a Saturday half-holiday the sightseer is conducted by a chatty and musical guide from Euston Station to Liverpool across the Atlantic to all the "lions" of the States, including Niagara (a mere glance at which is inexpressibly cooling this broiling weather), New York, the Catskill Mountains, the Prairies, the Yosemite Valley, the cotton plantations, New Orleans, Washington, &c., and home again, the excursionist being entertained meanwhile by the drollest of dwarfs, "Japanese Tommy," and by pleasant ballads.

THE GRAPHIC, July 11th, 1874.

HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS TO AMERICA.—This panorama is now located at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The scenery is well painted, and some excellent dioramic effects are occasionally introduced, notably in a view of the Catskill Mountains, where the gradual rise of the sun over the mountain-tops is exquisitely imitated. The visitor is conducted the whole length and breadth of the States, and every place of interest is exhibited. An explanatory lecture accompanying the panorama is well delivered, and the proceedings are enlivened by vocal and instrumental music, some characteristic dancing, and the amusing antics of a genuine negro dwarf except "Japanese Tommy."

WEST END NEWS, September 12th, 1874.

HAMILTON'S EXCURSIONS TO AMERICA.—Notwithstanding the number of amusements provided for the entertainment of Londoners, there was a want felt—and the want was an insight into the customs of our friends across "The Herring Pond." We had heard (and that was all) of the large steamers—floating palaces as they were called—wherein you could secure all the advantages and conveniences of a first-class hotel while proceeding on a voyage, and the accounts of vast continents with their sleeping-cars. But unless seen, no kind of conception could be formed of our cousins over "The Pond"—what they are like, how they live, and their marked peculiarities in some respects. Now the panorama is effectively arranged and painted by the Brothers Hamilton supplies this information in a pleasing and attractive form—whilst the beautiful music with which it is interspersed gives an additional zest to the entertainment, which is undoubtedly deserving of the large measure of popularity and success which it has already obtained. Some of the views are beautifully executed, whilst the dioramic effects in the scenes of the "Cathedral," "Falls of Niagara," "Sunrise on the Cat-skill Mountains," and many others, show what can be effected by skillful designers.

Grand Illuminated Morning Performances, Wednesday and Saturday, at 3 o'clock.

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

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About five years since, Miss Santley's first appearance on the theatrical stage of London took place at the Queen's, in a burlesque on the well-known drama of *The Stranger*. The new-comer's vivacity and piquancy of style, vocal endowments, and personal charms commanded immediate recognition, though the opportunity afforded for the display of her talents was by no means proportionate to her ability. We next find her at Drury Lane Theatre, and subsequently at the Strand, at both of which establishments she maintained the reputation she had won. Mr. Mapleson, having heard Miss Santley sing, offered her an engagement for five years, and placed her under the tuition of Madame Viadot Garcia, with whom she studied eight months. But finding that she had not the strength necessary for classic opera, and suffering acute distress of mind in consequence of a severe domestic affliction, which rendered a change of scene expedient, she once more crossed the Atlantic, and fulfilled engagements with gratifying success in all the chief cities of the United States.

Two years ago, this popular artist's *entrée* on the metropolitan boards attracted throngs to the Alhambra, where she assumed the important character of 'Cunégonde' in *Le Roi Carotte*. Her success in that impersonation immediately secured for her the position of *prima donna* at this huge theatre; and her subsequent rendering of 'Gabrielle' in *The Black Crook* set the seal upon her success. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the lady's admirable acting and singing in *La Belle Hélène*, *Don Juan*, and *La Jolie Parfumeuse*. With her performances in these operas all London is familiar; and the press and the public have alike acknowledged their merit.

At the present time, Miss Santley is visiting the principal cities of the provinces with a new *opéra-bouffe*, entitled *Cattarina*, composed by Mr. Frederic Clay and written by Mr. R. Reece. The piece has drawn crowded houses during the past five weeks in Manchester and Birmingham, and its performance elsewhere will doubtless be attended with the same result. It is reported that arrangements are already in progress for the speedy production of the opera at one of the West-end houses with Miss Santley in the title character.

The distinctive features of Miss Santley's style are an engaging *naïveté*, an unflagging vivacity, the occasional display of genuine pathos, and an invariably artistic and effective vocalisation. Of the actress's rare advantages of face and figure, no reader requires to be informed. In private life Miss Santley's mental culture and amiability of character have caused her to gain over her friends an ascendancy as complete as the hold which her histrionic and vocal attainments have enabled her to secure on the gratitude and admiration of the public.

* * * Owing to pressure on our space, our record of Provincial Theatricals, Chess, and our Correspondent's Letter from Paris, have been unavoidably held over till next week.

The Drama.

THEATRICAL events are beginning to accumulate and indicate the season's advance. This week we have to chronicle several, the most important of which is the production at the Olympic Theatre on Monday evening of the long promised drama of *The Two Orphans*, adapted, or rather translated, by Mr. John Oxenford from MM. Denney and Cormon's melodrama, *Les Deux Orphelines*, now being represented with great success at the Châtelet, Paris. It is an old-fashioned melodrama of the Porte St. Martin type, in six acts, abounding in striking incidents and situations, and may be pronounced a decided success. The principal characters are supported by Miss Fowler and Miss Ernstone as "the two Orphans," Mrs. Charles Viner, Mrs. Huntley, and Miss May Douglas, two new acquisitions to the London stage; Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. William Rignold, Mr. Charles Harcourt, Mr. Sugden, Mr. G. W. Anson, &c.—On the same evening a new version of Lecoq's *opéra-bouffe*, *Les Cent Vierges*, adapted for the English stage by Mr. R. Reece, was produced at the Gaiety, under the title of *The Island of Bachelors*, and has also met with a very favourable reception. It is put on the stage with all the elegance and taste which usually characterises the Gaiety management in this respect, and is well represented, especially by Miss Farren, Miss Constance Loseby, and Mr. Arthur Cecil in three of the leading characters.—A third novelty has been brought out at the Standard, also on Monday—a drama by Leonard Rae, under the title of *Hal o' the Wynd*, founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth."—Besides these, two revivals have been set before the public. Watts Phillips's old Adelphi drama, *Lost in London*, has occupied the bills of the Princess's since Thursday last week, with an almost entirely new cast, Mrs. Alfred Mellon and Mr. C. J. Smith being the only two representatives of their original parts; and Mr. Albery's charming comedy, *Two Roses*, was reproduced on Saturday last at the Vaudeville. With the single exception of Jack Wyatt's blind friend, 'Caleb Deecie,' still sustained by Mr. Thomas Thorne, this comedy is likewise now represented with a complete change in the cast. Mr. William Farren now undertakes Mr. H. Irving's part of 'Digby Grant'; Mr. Charles Warner succeeds Mr. Montague as 'Jack Wyatt'; Mr. David James represents 'Our Mr. Jenkins' in lieu of Mr. George Honey; Mr. Edward Righton replaces Mr. W. H. Stephens as the old lawyer, 'Mr. Furnival'; Miss Sophia Larkin succeeds Miss Lavis as 'Mrs. Jenkins'; and 'the two Roses,' 'Lottie' and 'Ida,' formerly represented by Miss Amy Fawsitt and Miss Newton, have found charming exponents in Miss Amy Roselle and Miss Kate Bishop.—At the Adelphi, *The Prayer in the Storm* was played for the last time, at present, on Friday last week, and on Saturday Mr. J. S. Clarke commenced an engagement of three weeks, and has appeared nightly in three different pieces: as 'Redmond Tape' in Mr. Byron's altered and compressed version of his Holborn drama, *The Thumbscrew*, now renamed *Red Tape*; as 'Babington Jones' in Brougham's comedy, *Among the Breakers*, and as 'Timothy Toodles' in the farce of that name.

Amy Robsart and *Jack in the Box* will be withdrawn from the bills of Drury Lane after Friday next, to make way for Mr. Halliday's new drama, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," which is to be produced the following evening.—*La Fille de Madame Angot* continues to be represented at the Lyceum, where the farewell performances of Miss Emily Soldene and her company terminate next Saturday evening, with the farewell benefit of Miss Soldene. Mr. Bateman reopens on the following Monday, the 28th inst., for his farewell season, with the play of *The Bells*, supported by Mr. Henry Irving as 'Mathias,' and the original cast.—The Opéra Comique and the Strand continue their programmes unaltered; *The Broken Branch* at the former, and *Paul Pry* and *The Field of the Cloth of Gold* at the latter, still proving attractive.—The series of dramatic performances at the Crystal Palace have been continued during the week, when *Brighton*, *The Honeymoon*, and *The Serious Family* have been successively represented.

To-night, the Prince of Wales's re-opens for the eleventh season of Miss Marie Wilton's management, with a resumption of *The School for Scandal*.—The Charing Cross also reopens, under the management of Mr. W. R. Field, for the reappearance of Miss Lydia Thompson, after her six years' absence in America, with a

petite comedy, in one act, by Mr. G. Greaves, entitled *Clever Sir Jacob*, and an Oriental extravaganza, by Mr. Farnie, founded on the popular story of "Blue Beard," which has been performed by Lydia Thompson and her company for 470 times in the United States with immense success. At the Haymarket, Mdlle. Beatrice revives *Our Friends*, the English version of *Nos Intimes*, in succession to *Frou-Frou*, which has been represented for the last fortnight. Mdlle. Beatrice's occupancy of the theatre terminates on Saturday week.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden maintain their deserved and well-earned popularity—the special nights, Monday, devoted to Hervé, and Wednesday, to Händel, being as usual crowded to overflowing. Last night the postponed Russian night took place, and Madame Liebhart makes her *entrée* to-night. Next Monday the whole of the first part of the concert will be devoted to the compositions of Balfe.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE TWO ORPHANS.

On Monday evening last, *The Two Orphans*, a translation by Mr. John Oxenford of *Les Deux Orphelines* by MM. Denney and Cormon, which has created such a sensation at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, was produced at the Olympic Theatre under the direction of Mr. Henry Neville, amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of satisfaction from a crowded and appreciative audience. We propose next week giving an illustration of the culminating situation in the piece, where 'Pierre' (Mr. Henry Neville) is at last roused to attack his elder brother Jacques (Mr. Rignold), and exclaims (to use the words of the original), "Mais cette fois c'est Abel qui va tuer Cain," and we shall therefore defer till then any detailed criticism of the performance, which, we may say, however, so far has been fully successful, and promises to realise the highest anticipations of the spirited lessor, to whom we are indebted for its production on the English stage. We may here, however, give a brief outline of the plot of the drama. Two sisters, at a period prior to the Revolution, come to Paris to seek a home, one (Louise) being blind, and the other (Henriette) her devoted companion and protector. Henriette is forcibly abducted by a libertine nobleman, leaving Louise to the mercy of an old harridan and her son, who compel her to sing about the streets for a living, the only mitigation to her sufferings being found in the love felt for her by Pierre, the crippled brother of the ruffian, Jacques, who assiduously watches over her. Henriette is rescued from the nobleman, to whose *château* she has been taken, by the Chevalier de Vaudry, who fights a duel with his host, and subsequently conceives a violent passion for the girl whom he has saved, and whom he has taken under his protection. The Count de Limière, Chief of the Police and father of the Chevalier, discovers this and endeavours to separate the lovers, sending Henriette to the prison of the Salpêtrière, whence she escapes by the self-sacrifice of a poor girl, whom she had previously assisted on the Boulevards of Paris. Meanwhile it transpires that Louise is not really the sister of Henriette, but is the daughter of the Countess de Limière by a former marriage, and the mother and Henriette have a common interest in the recovery of the lost blind girl. Finally she is traced to the garret of La Frochard, the old woman before referred to, and Henriette attempts to take her sister away; Jacques, fearing disclosures and detection, forbids their departure, and it is then that Pierre fights and mortally wounds his brother in his defence of the girl to whom he has given his heart.

Restored once more to the world, explanations ensue, and all ends happily. Louise is made known to her mother, and the Count de Limière gives his consent to the marriage of Henriette with the Chevalier de Vaudry. *The Two Orphans* is in the highest degree sensational, and we are inclined to think rather too much elaborated in the details, while the changes in the scenery involve long "waits" between the acts, which are excessively tedious. These may perhaps be hereafter remedied; but under any circumstances there can be no doubt that *The Two Orphans* is destined to hold the boards at the Olympic for a considerable time to come. We have contented ourselves with giving the plot of the piece. Next week we shall deal at length with the merits of the performers.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE romantic drama of *The Prayer in the Storm* has at length been withdrawn, to make way for Mr. J. S. Clarke, who commenced a short engagement of three weeks on Saturday night, when he appeared in three of his most popular impersonations, viz.: 'Redmond Tape,' in Mr. Byron's altered version of his comic drama, *The Thumbscrew*, now rechristened *Red Tape*; 'Babington Jones,' in *Among the Breakers*, and as 'Timothy,' in *The Toodles*—all of which have been long familiar to the public, more particularly the latter two, so continuously repeated during Mr. Clarke's lengthened engagement at the Strand Theatre. Mr. Byron's serio-comic drama, *The Thumbscrew*, when originally produced at the Holborn on the 4th of April last, the opening night of Mr. Clarke's management of that theatre, consisted of five acts, which are now reduced to two in *Red Tape*, and the piece is greatly improved by the compression, adroitly accomplished, by combining the first and second acts of the original into one, and the third and fifth into another, the fourth act being omitted altogether. By this arrangement, the scenes essential for the display of Mr. Clarke's peculiar and hilarious humour are retained, and follow each other in closer sequence, without any detriment to the plot.

As the impecunious and pettifogging lawyer, 'Redmond Tape,' Mr. Clarke is seen to great advantage—not only for the eccentric and broad farcical drollery in the first act, when, in the bosom of his family, he turns his very misfortunes into jests, and indulges in his mock forensic eloquence in imaginary defence of the petty larceny of the domestic, but for the artistic power of delineating the more subtle and refined humour of the second, when confronting his oppressor, and the villain of the piece, 'Jasper Rawdon,' excellently represented by Mr. Fernandez. In both phases he is equally effective and irresistibly comic. As 'Babington Jones,' the temporarily enfranchised groom, in Brougham's comedy, *Among the Breakers*, and as 'Timothy,' in the farce of *Toodles*, Mr. Clarke's power over the audience is still further proved in the uninterrupted peals of laughter which he excites from beginning to end, and familiar as these impersonations have become, they are as fresh and mirth-provoking to, and nightly enjoyed by, crowded audiences as if they were novelties. Mr. Clarke is well supported in the different pieces by the Adelphi company, to which Mr. Dewar and Mr. G. Temple have now been added; Miss Hudspeth and Miss Edith Stuart being especially conspicuous for their efficient aid.

Mr. Clarke's engagement extending only over two weeks longer, as he leaves for America on the 3rd October, those who wish to enjoy an entire evening's genuine mirth should not miss the rare opportunity. Mr. Oxenford's amusing farce of *A Waltz by Arditi* continues on the bills as a *lever du rideau*. Madame Celeste succeeds Mr. Clarke, and commences an engagement of twelve nights on Saturday week, when she appears in the ever *Green Bushes*.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

TWO ROSES.

MR. ALBERY's best and most successful work may be safely said to have entered upon another protracted run. Although the "creators" of the characters of 'Digby Grant,' 'Our Mr. Jenkins,' 'Mr. Furnival,' 'Jack Wyatt,' 'Mrs. Jenkins,' and "the two Roses," are now elsewhere, the Vaudeville cast of the piece is to the full as powerful as it was when *Two Roses* first made the Vaudeville famous amongst West-end theatres. We miss the quaintness of Mr. Irving's impersonation of the scheming father, but in its place are presented with a picture that is quite as original as its prototype, and, *minus* Mr. H. Irving's subtleties of facial and vocal expression and gesture, one that is as intensely original. The highest praise that can be given to Mr. Farren's 'Sir Digby'—and it is deserving of the very highest—is to declare that, when once the spectator has made his acquaintance, Mr. Irving is forgotten. In the capable hands of Mr. James, 'Our Mr. Jenkins' is, as might have been expected, a thoroughly amusing performance. Mr. Honey's 'Mr. Jenkins' was—well, Mr. Honey's. You laughed as much at the man as the actor. In this respect Mr. James exactly resembles his predecessor; the only difference between 'Our Mr. Jenkins' the First—the part as written by Mr. Albery is not a great one after all—and 'Our Mr. Jenkins' the Second being the essential difference between the humour of Mr. Honey and that of Mr. James. Mr. Righton gives a somewhat new, and altogether quaint, reading of the part of 'Mr. Furnival.' For Mr. Warner's 'Jack Wyatt' we have nothing but praise. He is less treacly than Mr. H. J. Montague in the softer scenes, and shows more flint and steel in the manlier episodes of the piece—as for instance when he threatens Mr. Digby Grant in the presence of "the two Roses," and looks as if he meant to carry his threat into execution, which, by the way, was scarcely the impression which Mr. Montague managed to convey. We doubt whether there is a lady on the stage who could have realised the part of 'Mrs. Jenkins' better than Miss Larkin. Her unusual abilities are well known and thoroughly appreciated, as much by managers as the public—which is a rare circumstance. Therefore it is only necessary for us to remark that her realisation of the part of the sanctimonious lodging-house keeper is as finished as that of ineffable 'Lady Pompon.' Whether Miss Fawsitt's 'Lotty' accorded with the author's conception of the part or not, we must confess to liking Miss Roselle's far better. She in fact is *our* 'Lotty.' Miss Kate Bishop is an interesting 'Ida,' albeit there is an occasional want of fire in her denunciations of the utter selfishness of the aristocratic 'Sir Digby.' In fine, the comedy has been reproduced with great completeness, and in its present shape is bound to run far into the season of 1875.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

It is not often we have had the pleasure of witnessing such a perfect and magnificent production as the drama *Hal o' the Wynd*, now playing at this theatre. The groundwork of the piece is taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth," and the singularly dramatic language of that highly gifted writer has been to a great extent used throughout. The adapter, Mr. Leonard Rae, also follows the story very closely, except in one instance, where he deviates for the purpose of obtaining, and obtaining successfully, a really novel, exciting, and highly sensational effect. This occurs in the High Church of St. John, where the followers of Sir John of Ramorne have to pass before the body of Oliver Proadufe, and attest their innocence of his death by oath before the alter, the belief being that the victim's wounds will bleed on the approach of the murderer. Anything more sensational than the yell of horror wrung from the assembled spectators on the appearance of blood on the corpse can scarcely be imagined. The audience fairly rose to the situation, and showed their appreciation by long and loud applause. This scene, and the one on the borders of Loch Tay, in which Connachar confesses his weakness to Catherine Glover, are the most striking among the many striking incidents in the play. But the management has not relied wholly upon the poetic portion of the work; the exquisite scenery by Mr. Richard Douglas, the carefully selected dresses, and the admirable grouping and stage arrangements leave nothing in the spectacular way to be desired; while to the always efficient company of the theatre, many artists of well-known reputation have been added. 'Hal o' the Wynd,' the brave armourer whose sword is always ready to leap from its scabbard in defence of the helpless, finds an able representative in Mr. T. Swinbourne. Mr. James Bennett plays the villainous 'Sir John of Ramorne' with much skill; no one but an actor of great power could hold his own against the disadvantages of the part: his hand being cut off in the early part of the play, he appears a disabled man, but even this does not detract from Mr. Bennett's natural grace and dignity. To the part of the cowardly 'Connachar,' who in the end gains courage, and fights to the death for love and revenge, Mr. Pennington brings rare physical advantages, combined with mental vigour, to grasp the entire meaning of the character. Mr. T. Mead, an old favourite at this theatre, plays admirably the rugged 'Torquil of the Oak,' whose heart wavers between love for his foster child and terror that the lad's shame will be made known. In the scene of the Ordeal by Touch, Mr. Stainforth, who plays 'Father Clements,' recites a weird and mystic incantation in a manner that brings down the house, and materially adds to the effectiveness of the situation. Mr. Ersler Jones, always a sterling actor, is the worthy 'Glover,' and Mr. George Hamilton, the 'Duke of Rothsay,' makes one of the most graceful and handsome princes on the stage. Messrs. John Murray, G. Byrne, de Belleville, and Webster, are all excellent in their respective parts, and last, but not least, the heroine of the piece is played with exquisite tenderness and dramatic power by Miss Marie Gordon, who will be remembered as the lady who so charmingly rendered 'Miranda' in *The Tempest* at the Queen's.

THE St. James's Theatre is to re-open very shortly with *opéra-bouffe*.

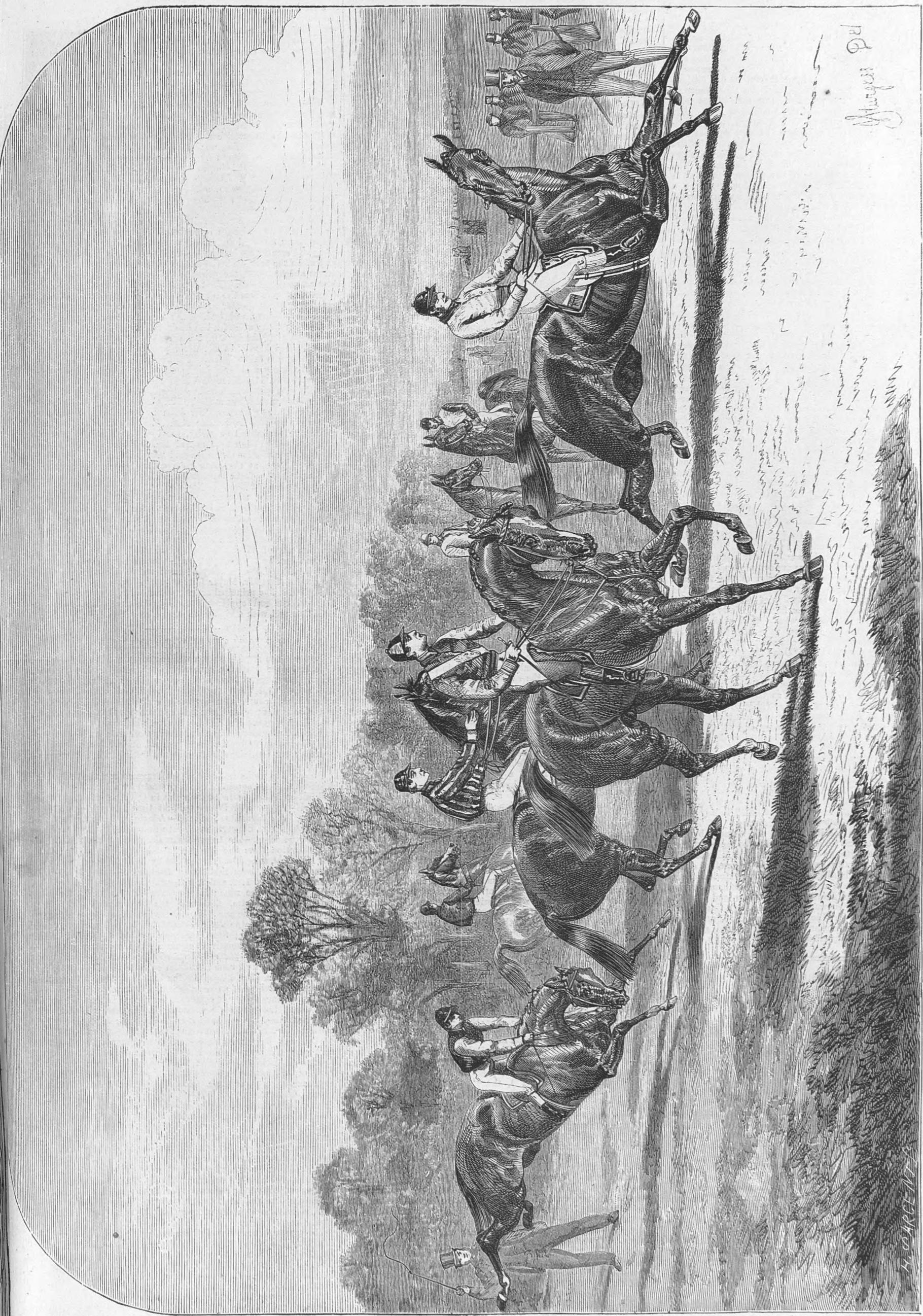
Our Friends, the English version of Victorien Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, will be brought out at the Haymarket to-night, in succession to *Frou-Frou*.

THE Surrey Theatre will re-open for the season again under Mr. Holland's management, on Saturday week, with a powerful nautical drama by George Roberts, Esq., entitled *Ship Ahoy*.

Richard Cœur de Lion, Mr. Halliday's dramatic adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," will be brought out at Drury Lane next Saturday, with Miss Wallis, Mr. Creswick, Mr. James Anderson, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. Terris in the principal characters.

THE Charing Cross Theatre opens to-night, when Miss Lydia Thompson will make her first appearance, after an absence of six years in the United States, supported by her American burlesque troupe, in addition to several London popular artists, including Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. A. Bishop, and Miss Topsy Venn. The opening programme will consist of a one-act comedy entitled *Clever Sir Jacob*, and Mr. Farnie's extravaganza of *Blue Beard*, in which Miss Lydia Thompson will sustain her original part, played by her for 470 times in America.





RACING SKETCHES. No. II.—An Awkward Lot.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER having terminated his engagement here and proceeded on his farewell tour in the provinces, *Janet Pride* is now replaced in the bills by another successful Adelphi drama, Mr. Watts Phillips' *Lost in London*, which was revived on Thursday last week with all its sensational and realistic effects, new and beautiful scenery by Mr. F. Lloyds, and a highly efficient cast, which, with two exceptions, Mrs. Alfred Mellon as the faithful and good-hearted 'Tiddy Dragglethorpe,' and Mr. C. J. Smith in the small part of 'Tops' the post-boy, altogether differs from that of the original representation at the Adelphi in 1867. Mr. S. Emery now sustains the part of 'Job Armroyd,' then represented by Mr. H. Neville; Mr. George Belmore replaces Mr. Toole as 'Benjamin Blinker,' the London tiger of Gilbert Featherstone; and Miss Lydia Foote succeeds Miss Neilson as the miner's erring young wife, "lost in London." The story of *Lost in London* is simple in the extreme, serious in its main incidents, and skilfully developed. Job Armroyd, a honest-hearted old Lancashire miner, has brought up and married Nelly, the daughter of a fellow workman who had perished in an explosion. In an evil moment, blinded by the seductive flattery of Gilbert Featherstone, the proprietor of Bleakmore mine, Nelly deserts her humble home and idolising husband, and elopes with her tempter. Job, like another Peggotty, leaves his forlorn home, in company with the faithful and devoted friend, Tiddy Dragglethorpe, to search for and rescue his erring and still dearly cherished wife. After months of fruitless search, he accidentally discovers her. One night, weary and almost despairing of accomplishing his object, Job, in passing a gaily lighted villa in St. John's Wood, where a ball is taking place, suddenly sees on the drawing-room blind the shadow of a face which he instantly recognises as that of Nelly, and, madly rushing into the house, makes his way to the drawing-room, and, in the presence of the destroyer of his domestic peace and the assembled guests, proclaims the fainting figure at his feet to be his wife; with this striking situation, the second act terminates. In the third act, the now repentant Nelly is living in a cottage near London, under the protection of her husband, and tenderly nursed in her shattered state of health by her ever constant friend and companion, Tiddy Dragglethorpe. Featherstone has discovered her retreat, and, entering the cottage in the hope of seeing and inducing his victim to return to him, is confronted by Job, who is about to inflict summary vengeance on the intruder, when Nelly totters into the apartment from the adjoining room, and dies in her husband's arms. It will be seen from this brief sketch that the prevailing tone of the main thread of the plot is sad and painful, but the deeply pathetic interest is agreeably relieved by the scenes in which Benjamin Blinker and Tiddy Dragglethorpe appear. There is ample scope for good acting in the leading characters. In 'Job Armroyd,' the uncouth, but noble-hearted old miner, and deeply wronged but still forgiving husband, Mr. S. Emery has a character exactly suited to his style of rugged, intense manly pathos, alternating with stern fixedness of purpose and determination. These are conspicuously evinced in the two impressive situations at the end of the first and second acts; the former, where Tiddy descends the shaft of the mine, and in heartbroken sobs informs Job of the overwhelming misfortune that has befallen him in the flight of Nelly; and the latter in the brilliant ball-room, where the grimy miner proclaims the richly dressed hostess, now fainting from recognising him, to be his wife. This character, as sustained by Mr. Emery, is a worthy pendant to his 'Dan'l Peggotty,' to which, though essentially different, it yet bears some family resemblance. Miss Lydia Foote, too, is admirably suited in 'Nelly Armroyd,' whose sorrows she portrays with extreme delicacy, refinement, and quiet pathos. Mrs. Alfred Mellon as the unsophisticated, gentle-hearted, yet muscular country girl, 'Tiddy Dragglethorpe,' whose biceps exercise such power over the heart as well as person of Blinker, displays all the excellence and artistic finish of old, and Mr. George Belmore infuses the utmost drollery and genial humour into his admirable impersonation of the London tiger, 'Benjamin Blinker.' The unthankful part of 'Gilbert Featherstone' is rendered as little repulsive as possible by Mr. Howard, and Mr. Travers achieves a triumph by his finished sketch of a magnificent "liveried" footman. An agreeable feature in the ball-room scene of the second act is the excellent singing of Miss Russell as one of the guests. On the whole it would be impossible for the drama to be more satisfactorily performed. It is also most carefully got up in all its details; the scenery by Mr. Lloyds is most excellent and artistic, especially the representation of the Bleakmore mine, with its various sections in full work, its galleries, lanterns, shafts, with ascending and descending cages, &c., all represented with life-like reality. The exterior of the St. John's Wood villa, with a real horse and brougham arriving and setting down a couple of guests at the entrance, and the ball-room, are both perfect in their way, while the concluding view of London by night is one of Mr. Lloyds' masterpieces of scenic art. The revival of *Lost in London* is an undoubted success, and bids fair for a repetition of the run which attended it on its original production.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

LECOQ'S "ISLAND OF BACHELORS."

At the Gaiety Theatre, on Monday last, an English adaptation of *Les Cent Vierges* was produced. The adapter is Mr. Robert Reece, and he has used the pruning knife freely, in his laudable anxiety to eliminate objectionable matter from the story of the opera, as told in the original French. There seems, however, to be little reason for the change of title from *The Hundred Virgins* to *The Island of Bachelors*, as the gist of the story is to be found in the embarkation of the hundred maidens to the hungry bachelors who are awaiting them in the "Green Isle" of the Pacific. So much of such interest as the piece contains, is dependent on this point, that it was difficult to preserve any resemblance to the original, without at the same time copying the abundant indecencies which it contained; and it must be admitted that Mr. Reece has done his work well in this respect, and has rendered his English adaptation much more decent, although much less amusing, than the libretto on which it is founded. That he felt the weakness of his plot is evident, as he endeavours to strengthen the dialogue by verbal pleasantries of the kind which belong to burlesque, and now and then presents the "old familiar faces" of puns and jokes which are surrounded with the odour of antiquity.

The story of the *Island of Bachelors* opens at Hull, and when the curtain rises the interior of the "Crown Inn" is seen, with a large doorway at back, and a terrace or quay overlooking the Humber. The landlord (Crockley) and his niece (Fanny) are serving drink to a company of sailors and girls, who join in singing a Bacchanalian chorus. Fanny then sings a "beer song," in which our national beverage is extolled, and when this is con-

cluded 'The Captain' enters; and the audience learns that his vessel is about to start with a cargo of spinsters, who will be sent at Government expense to a distant colony commanded by Sir Jonathan Pluperson; the colonists having insisted upon a shipment of wives being dispatched to them. Seventy-eight maidens have been secured, twenty-two more are wanted to complete the required cargo, and the City Constable is coming to the Crown Inn to receive the names of any female volunteers, and to complete the legal formalities. The guests depart, leaving the landlord and his niece Fanny, who are presently disturbed by the arrival of the 'Duke Anatole de Quillenbois,' a youthful French exquisite, who has been married that morning to his beloved 'Gabrielle,' a young lady of romantic temperament. On their way from Paris to Calais they have reluctantly made the acquaintance of Mons. 'Poulardot' and his wife 'Eglantine,' two vulgar tradespeople who strike up a sudden friendship with the happy pair, and threaten to stay wherever they spend their honeymoon. In despair at this appalling prospect, the happy pair cross the channel and arrive at Hull (!) in the afternoon of their marriage,—the ceremony having taken place at mid-day. In order to make sure of escaping from the terrible Poulardots, they have chosen the unfashionable "Crown Inn," by the waterside. But there is no eluding their new friends, and presently Mons. Poulardot and his wife arrive, having tracked the fugitives to the inn. The only bedroom, "No. 4;" has been secured by Anatole and his wife, and there is no other sleeping place left but a loft. Mons. Poulardot points out to the luckless bridegroom,—whose persevering but perpetually frustrated endeavours to obtain his "first kiss" of Gabrielle are highly amusing,—that Madame Poulardot cannot be sent into a loft to sleep, and finally arranges that he and Anatole shall occupy the loft, and leave the two ladies the bedroom. Anatole and Gabrielle are in despair, and the former takes Poulardot for a walk, with the intention of pushing him into the river if possible. Eglantine and Gabrielle behold from the window the man-of-war vessel which is to carry away the stores of relief for distressed colonists, and they are told by the landlord that they may obtain permission to inspect it by giving their names to the captain. At this moment the city constable arrives, with sailors and girls; and the female recruits who wish to embark for the Island of Bachelors put their names down in a register. Eglantine and Gabrielle misunderstand this proceeding, and suppose that those who sign their names merely wish to obtain permission to see the man-of-war. Accordingly, they sign the register, and as the addition of their names exactly complete the required hundred, they and the other women are carried off to the vessel. Its bell is soon heard; and just as it has started, Anatole and Poulardot return and ask for their wives. The constable shows them the register which those young ladies have unwittingly signed, and the luckless husbands in their despair resolve to follow the vessel on "a raft, a tub, or anything!"

The action of the second act takes place in the "Island of Bachelors," a beautifully wooded tropical island, with a view of the sea at back; the governor's palace on the left of the audience, and groups of bachelor colonists eagerly looking out for the expected vessel. The governor, and his secretary Bridgidick, sing in praise of women, and are interrupted by the hasty arrival of a colonist, who announces that the long expected vessel has arrived, and is entering the port. All rush off in feverish anxiety, and then a large tub is seen floating to shore, with Anatole and Poulardot clinging to it. They spring on to the sand, and discuss the best mode of recovering their wives; but eventually take refuge in the branches of a large tree, where they remain concealed during the succeeding scene. The Captain reports to the Governor that he has arrived, with only nineteen virgins, the others having been lured from him at the various ports which he had visited *en route*. The Governor points out that there are not nineteen girls present, and the Captain explains that there are two others on board who have refused to land, unless forced to do so. They are sent for, and are presently dragged on to the stage. The Governor and Bridgidick make love to them, but are so severely repulsed that they fly from the scene, and the two husbands, finding the coast clear, descend from the tree, and rejoin their wives. Fanny enters, and tells them that they are dead men; the Governor having issued a decree that any extra men who may be found on the island shall be sewn in sacks and drowned. The friendly Captain next arrives, and recommends the husbands to excite a rebellion against the Governor on the part of the seventy-one colonists, who are unprovided with wives. Anatole and Poulardot are taken away by Eglantine and presently return in female attire. The brides are drawn for in a lottery, and Mons. Poulardot and Anatole fall to Bridgidick and the Governor. The latter commences to make love to the supposed women, but are kicked off the stage. The Governor subsequently learns from a spy that two of the new arrivals are really the husbands of a couple of the women;—concludes that Eglantine and Gabrielle must be the two men, and is about to hand them over for punishment when the Captain arrives with the news that the disappointed members of the colony have risen in rebellion. Luckily, however, the original cargo, which had been delayed by contrary winds, arrives in port on board the vessel which had been supposed to be lost. There are now more than enough wives for the colonists;—Gabrielle and Eglantine are restored to Anatole and Poulardot, and are free to return to France.

The plot, such as it is, is feebly worked out towards the conclusion, and when the curtain descends few people are able to comprehend the *dénouement*; but this is a matter of slight moment in *opéra-bouffe*. The opera was originally written in three acts, and its compression into two has been effected without the loss of any of the principal musical *morceaux*. Of these the most effective are, in Act I., the *duo* for Gabrielle and Anatole ("I would we were in some wild place"), Gabrielle's song (I've a head that's most romantic), the "Omelette Quintette," the *duo* ("We are off to see what a ship can be"), and the chorus ("Now we quit streets and stuffy houses"); with, in Act II., Eglantine's song ("The time for men to rule the day"), the quartette ("Be silent!"), the Grande Valse sung by Gabrielle ("Give me back my dear land"), Anatole's couplet ("I had a mate"), and Gabrielle's song to the Governor ("I love thee!") and besides these, there are many noticeable passages dispersed among the concerted music.

In this work M. Lecocq is not seen to such advantage as in his *Girofle-Girofia*, although he displays his superiority over rival *opéra-bouffe* writers in his concerted music and orchestration. The "Omelette" quintett is not only bright and melodious, but is admirably constructed, and the same may be said of the finale to Act I. Gabrielle's three songs are all effective, and the "Grande Valse" when sung by a first-class singer can be made to produce brilliant results. Eglantine's song ("The time for men to rule") is quaint, but not remarkably original, and the double encore which it received on Monday last was chiefly due to the wonderful vivacity of Miss Farren. The quartett ("Be silent"), with its *sotto voce* effects, is charming. All through the work the orchestration of Mr. Lecocq called for praise; especially in the accompaniments to *parlante* vocal passages, and concerted vocal music. In these places M. Lecocq takes pain to impart musical interest by a judicious use of his orchestra, and displays his fertility of invention by the introduction of passing phrases and instrumental melodies which have an interest of their own, while

they contribute powerfully to the general effect. He does not write carelessly, nor does his music exhibit signs of haste. Were he to employ the poor thin accompaniments of his rivals he might write faster, but not so well; and instead of imitating the facile commonplaces of Offenbach, he evidently emulates the higher art of Auber, whose orchestration is one of the greatest charms in his always charming music. It may be a long time before M. Lecocq will give us such orchestral accompaniments as those of *Les Diamants de la Couronne*; but he is on the right road, and, to use a French expression, he will travel far.

While thus extolling the music of *Les Cent Vierges*, we must say, on the other hand, that it has been eclipsed by subsequent works from the same composer, and that the music, however light, tuneful, and well constructed, presents no original melody worthy of special praise, nor likely to become as widely popular as the leading melodies in *La Fille de Madame Angot*. In fact it is more from what it is hoped he will do, than from what he has already done, that M. Lecocq's compositions are awaited with interest by musicians, who would gladly welcome a worthy successor to Auber, and a producer of light comic opera as distinguished from *opéra-bouffe*.

The piece has been put on the stage in the complete manner for which the Gaiety Theatre is famous. The dresses exhibit lavish expenditure, directed by excellent taste and fancy; the decorations and scenery are brilliant; the piece has been well rehearsed, and while the female choristers and supernumeraries are in themselves a sight to see, the principal *rôles* are filled by some of the best actors attainable. First must be placed Miss Nelly Farren (Eglantine), who was the life and soul of the piece, and has hardly ever been seen to greater advantage. In her fanciful costume she looked bewitching, and she kept the audience in constant laughter as the loquacious wife of a hen-pecked husband who idolises her. Miss Constance Loseby sang the music of 'Gabrielle' neatly, and distinguished herself in the florid portions of the Grand Valse. Her acting was full of point. The song "I love thee" was taken much too slowly, and her opening song too fast, but in other respects were well sung. Miss Alice Cook sang 'Fanny's' only song ("Mighty Beer!") with great spirit, and acted well. Amongst the gentlemen the greatest success was made by Mr. Charles Lyall, whose representation of the governor, 'Sir John Pluperson,' was admirable. His make-up was an artistic study, he was thoroughly comic without the slightest vulgarity,—and what he had to sing was well sung. Next must be named Mr. Arthur Cecil, who gave a capital impersonation of the languid 'Anatole.' His performance was comic, and at the same time quite gentlemanlike, and he produced good effects, apparently without effort, by his easy, natural style of delivery. His singing, however, although conspicuous for good taste and artistic style, was ineffective because of his want of power; and in some of the concerted music this defect injured the *ensemble*. Apart from this, his 'Anatole' was a most enjoyable performance. Mr. J. E. Taylor was a capital 'Poulardot,' and Mr. Forrester made a hit as 'Brididick.' Mr. Maclean played 'The Captain' admirably; Mr. Ludwig was an efficient landlord (Crockley), and the smaller parts were well played. The orchestra deserved great praise, and it may be taken for granted that Mr. Meyer Lutz as conductor, was all that could be desired. The principal artists, and also Mr. Reece, were called for; encores and applause were abundant, and the *Island of Bachelors* met with a highly favourable reception.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE autumn musical season will recommence with the opening Crystal Palace Saturday concerts, October 10th. For eighteen years these concerts have conferred inestimable advantage on art and artists, and they may be said to furnish almost the only school in this country for the study of the higher kind of music. Mr. Manns has prepared the music scheme for the ensuing season, with the assistance of Mr. George Grove, who fortunately continues to take a lively interest in the Saturday concerts, and a glance at the programme will show how rich a musical banquet will be provided for musicians and amateurs during the autumn and winter months.

Among the works selected for performance are the following: Bach—a Sacred Cantata (*Kirchen-Cantate*) for solo voices, chorus, and full orchestra, Suite for orchestra in C, both for the first time; Handel—Allegro and Pensero, first time; Haydn—two Symphonies, both first time; Mozart—Adagio and Fugue in C, for orchestra, Violin Concerto in D, both first time, the Jupiter Symphony; Schubert—the Grand Symphony in C, No. 9, Overture and Selection from the operetta of the *Zwillingsschwestern* (1819), *Die Almacht*, song (Op. 79), adapted by Liszt for male chorus and grand orchestra, both first time; Beethoven—Mass No. 1 in C, Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, and 8, being those not played last season, with others of the nine; Mendelssohn—Psalm XCIV., for solos, chorus, and orchestra, first time, the Reformation and Italian Symphonies; Schumann—Symphony in C, and the *Manfred* music; Weber—the Jubilee Cantata, for solos, chorus, and orchestra, first time; Spohr—Symphony No. 1, in E flat, first time; Hiller—Dramatic Fantasia for full orchestra; Gade—Spring Fantasia (*Frühlings-Fantaisie*) for pianoforte, orchestra, and solo voices, first time; Joachim—Violin Concerto in G, first time; Brahms, Rinaldo, cantata, by Goethe, for tenor voice, male chorus, and orchestra, serenade for small orchestra, the Hungarian dances, arranged by the composer for full orchestra, all for the first time; the pianoforte concerto, R. Wagner, a Faust overture, first time, the selection from *Lohengrin*; Liszt—Pianoforte concerto, No. 2, (in A), first time; Rubinstein—Overture to Dimitri Douskoi, first time; Raff—Lenore symphony, No. 5 (in E), first time; Lachner—Suite No. 6, for full orchestra, first time; Johann S. Svendsen—Violin Concerto, first time; Sir W. S. Bennett—Symphony in G minor, P. F. concerto, No. 4; Sir Julius Benedict—New symphony, No. 2, in C, first time; G. A. Macfarren—New violin concerto, (G minor), first time; Henry H. Pierson—Overture, *Romeo and Juliet*, first time; Alfred W. Holmes—*Jeanne d'Arc*, for solos, chorus, and orchestra, first time; Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.—*Hagar*, an oratorio, first time; Sullivan—Selection from *Land and Sea*, first time; with works by J. F. Barnett, H. Holmes, H. Gadsby, and other English composers.

In addition to the compositions enumerated above, the programmes will as usual contain works by the favourite masters of the Italian and French schools—the latter including Gounod and Ambroise Thomas, and, in consequence of the interest excited by the Russian Concert, compositions by Sereff and Tschaikoffsky.

Engagements have already been made with Madame Lenormand, Madame Alvsleben, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Miss Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Signor Agnesi, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lloyd, Signor Foli, Madame Schumann, Madame Neruda, Madame Essipoff, Miss Marie Krebs, Herr Joachim, Mr. Wieniawski, Mr. Carrodus, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Pauer, Herr von Bülow, Mr. Franklin Taylor, Mr. Dannreuther, Signor Piatti. Other eminent artists will be engaged as opportunity offers.

Such attractions must ensure a crowded subscription list, and it would be difficult to find a cheaper enjoyment than that obtainable on payment of the couple of guineas which will ensure a stall for the twenty-five Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts.

MR. ALFRED BURNETT, THE AMERICAN HUMORIST.

DURING the temporary absence from the Egyptian Hall of Maskelyne and Cooke, the stage will be occupied by Mr. Alfred Burnett, a humorist and entertainer of Transatlantic fame, who, with Miss Nash, made his first appearance before a London audience on Monday last. Mr. Burnett's programme is a varied one—too varied perhaps—and consists of a humorous lecture on faces, a dramatic sketch (rendered with the assistance of Miss Nash) entitled *Mrs. Caudle at Home*, and character-sketch, entitled *Heart-broken*, in which Mr. Burnett depicts by rapid changes of costume, voice, and manner, eight separate characters, and almost as many nationalities. But the gem of the entertainment is a burlesque sketch of a backwoods preacher, humorous enough, and sufficiently "racy of the soil" to take rank with the best things in "Sam Slick." Of all the humorists who have spoken or written on this side of the Atlantic, it is questionable whether any one of them has given us such a genuine Yankee picture as this. It is brimful of fun of the most laughter-provoking sort, abounds in Artemus Ward-like phrases, and—at any rate taken in connection with the remarks with which Mr. Burnett introduces it—is entirely devoid of anything calculated to disturb dear old Mrs. Grundy's sense of "the proprieties." If on no other account, Mr. Burnett's sermon on the text, "They shall gnaw a file," ought to attract those who would enjoy a prolonged laugh. He is a clever actor, and reads with considerable taste and effect. Nevertheless, both his readings and the recitations of Miss Nash might with advantage be curtailed. The programme is strong enough without them. *Mrs. Caudle at Home* exhibits the lady we have mentioned in the most favourable light. The sketch might, if the Hibernianism were permissible, be termed an American translation of what Jerrold might have written if, in addition to his own wit, he had possessed Mr. Burnett's humour. It is full of good things, and is skilfully acted. But, after all, it is "They shall gnaw a file" which will most firmly establish Mr. Burnett as a New England humorist of the first water, which, accepting that and his lecture on faces as examples of his quality, he undoubtedly is. His reception on Monday afternoon and evening was most flattering.

"BEGONE, DULL CARE."

If we may credit the opinion of competent critics who have seen and wondered at the vocal exploits of Alexandre, Newman, and Love; Mr. Frederic Maccabe is far and away the most extraordinary ventriloquist that ever entertained a European public. Love—the polyphonist, as resenting a misleading etymology, he loved to term himself—we have seen, and heard. His entertainment was remarkably clever, and, for the period, extraordinary. We had not seen Woodin or Maccabe, and the rapid changes in the make-up of face and figure provoked wondering admiration. The figure, however, was not completely changed. The transformations were what might be termed half-length. It was in Mr. Midnight, the Watchman, that Mr. Love achieved his greatest ventriloquial triumph. Walking to the back of the stage, he opened an imaginary window, and thereupon was apparently heard the voice of the guardian of the night calling out, "Past ten o'clock, and a cloudy night—past ten o'clock." The voice appeared to draw nearer, and in the end there was an altercation beneath the window between the entertainer, his imaginary watchman, and another actor, to the best of our belief the shrill voice of an imaginary boy, the sketch ending in the usual way with the disappearance of the voices in the distance.

The illusion was perfect, but it was brought about by means which Mr. Maccabe (who, by the way, produces more extraordinary effects than Mr. Love ever did) airily despises. If the writer in *Howitt's Journal*—of delightful memory—who made a comparison between a famous German ventriloquist and Mr. Love, by no means to the disparagement of the latter, if that curious critic could have seen Mr. Maccabe he would have been obliged to admit that in him he beheld a thoroughly accomplished professor of the art. We say beheld advisedly. Mr. Maccabe, who is not "bearded like a pard," accomplishes his most difficult feats of vocal illusion with his face in full view of the audience. In fine, he is the greatest ventriloquist living, and Mr. John Oxenford was therefore quite justified in stating, as he did at the farewell dinner, which was given to the subject of these remarks by the members of the Junior Garrick Club, that but for him the present generation would know nothing of the highest possibilities of the art.

We must borrow a phrase from the vocabulary of the showman, to describe Mr. Maccabe in connection with "Begone Dull Care." He is, as "a single-handed entertainer," without a superior. Night after night, for the best part of two hours, he occupies the stage, and the unflagging attention of the audience, many of whom must retire doubting whether in "Miss Mary May," the representative of "Reality," they have not been introduced to a clever actress and *pianiste*, a successor to Robson, pressed into service "for that occasion only." Change of costume is easy enough, but change of character is quite another matter. The great merit of Mr. Maccabe consists in his complete identification with the several parts he plays. Once he assumes the Henry Russell wig, or Miss May's *chignon*, or the wandering minstrel's dilapidated hat, and he ceases to be Mr. Maccabe. Of course this is only another way of declaring him to be an actor of rare genius, consummate skill, but let it be borne in mind that he is an entertainer, and it is too frequently necessary to insist upon that a clever entertainer may be a great artist. Had the minstrel been a part in an otherwise stupid drama, Mr. Maccabe, supported by the usual number of inanities, might have starred the country with it, and had his name enrolled with other famous "one-horse" actors, but, alas! he is only an entertainer. Admirers of the legitimate drama may be interested in knowing that before Mr. Maccabe's versatility became so notorious, he was one of the best impersonators of "Myles-na-Coppaleen" on the stage. We cannot do better than conclude our remarks on Mr. Frederic Maccabe with an extract from a notice of him which appeared in the last number of *The Illustrated London News*.

"He was born in Liverpool, of Irish parents, which may in some measure account for the truth of his delineations of Hibernian and Lancashire character. His father dying before the future artist had completed his 'schooling,' the latter had to be completed in a lawyer's office. In this uncongenial sphere, however, the bias of the boy was soon made manifest. A zealous cultivation of his taste for music led him to believe that he might achieve distinction as a 'professor,' and accordingly he besought his master to cancel his indentures. This request was granted; but meantime he had made a name in Liverpool as an amateur actor of singular skill. The names of the respective performers were not given in the bills of the play issued by the Literary and Dramatic Society; but it is interesting now to know that 'the young gentleman in the character of Mrs. Malaprop,' who so delighted the local critics of the period, was young Frederic Maccabe. We next hear of him as a successful competitor for the prizes offered for the best prologues to the pieces played by the society just mentioned (and, by-the-way, we may mention that he writes the libretti of his own entertainments); and finally greet him on his first appearance on the stage at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. This was on the occasion of a

benefit given for a local charity by the late Professor Anderson. The success of Mr. Maccabe's character sketches was so decided that the shrewd Wizard of the North offered him an engagement, which he accepted, and in 1865 made his first appearance in London, in St. James's Hall. From that time until the present, 'Begone, Dull Care,' has carried good humour with it, and won for the author, composer, vocalist, and actor, tens of thousands of friends in all parts of Great Britain; and now, after a farewell engagement at the hall which witnessed his opening success, Mr. Maccabe packs up his wonderful wardrobe and takes ship for America."

We have sent many famous people to America, but not one who is more thoroughly deserving of a hearty welcome than Mr. Frederic Maccabe.

STARTING DIFFICULTIES.

AN "awkward lot" indeed!—folks craning their heads forward in the stand may close their Voigtlanders, unfurl their umbrellas, if it is hot or wet, and take out a cigar—for by the signs of the times they will be half an hour or more before M'George dashes down his flag, and the dusty war begins in earnest. What mild docile creatures they looked, as, emerging from the paddock, they swept along in a smooth, easy, poetical canter opposite the stand, and made their way to the post like pieces of machinery, to be stopped and set in motion again at pleasure. Just across the tan-covered road they are clustered together, waiting for the last two stragglers cruising along under the rails, like Excise cutters in search of smuggling craft. Now, as they trot across the road (where the mighty Sussex chestnut met his fate in 1860), all seems prepared, and as M'George unfurls his tiny banner, and walks up to the seemingly "ordered" line, the advance man also raises his blood red ensign, which looks like some flamingo poised above the black crowd at the starting-post. All across the course beyond the post is stretched the crowd in a semicircle, intent on seeing the fun, and caring little for anxious occupants of the stands, who are waiting for an end of their suspense in no very good-humoured mood. Betting goes on as fast and furious as ever, and there is no abatement in the roar of the Ring, excepting when some ignoramus shouts, "They're off," and gets well chaffed for his pains. Now they have walked up to the plantation and turned, black having manoeuvred into a good place next the rails, and blue and white sleeves sidling awkwardly alongside him, and red trying to whip round thus early. Blue and yellow sleeves makes up for being late by trying on an early start, and runs some two hundred yards on his own account before his jockey can get a fair pull at him. The rest stand like statues at the post, and after some "conciliation," slightly in the manner of Hood's butcher and his sheep, the white-faced chestnut consents to "join his playmates again" for an instant. Only for an instant—for he is soon round and off again, and his example becoming infectious, brown and white start off in his track, and red sets to kicking and backing in the centre of the course, to the great delight of those assembled there to see this "horse play." In the meantime the chestnut has got nearly to the distance, and seems disinclined to return, though a volunteer catches hold of his bridle and runs by his side for a hundred yards to give him a start, and a good-natured jockey trots his horse down to help him with a lead. He has well nigh reached the road, when round he whips again, and, taking the bit between his teeth, indulges the company with a canter over the entire course. After a few vagaries in the paddock he is again taken in hand, this time by the head lad, who does not leave his head until he sees him safe at the post, where the rest have broken into open mutiny during his absence, and are fidgetting to get home. Now the whip is called into requisition for the most refractory, and our "fast friend," who seems inclined to run the course once more, comes in for a healthy cracking castigation, which he playfully resents by plunging and kicking "all about the shop." French grey will linger behind just at the critical moment, and then there is a dull "thud" as black lets out viciously at his next door neighbour, and sends him cannoning against the rest. At last they form up under the hedge once more, and come dancing forward, and "dotting" about with heads in air, and one or two with ears laid suspiciously back. At last the renegades are turned round just in time to join the advancing line, stragglers in the rear dash up at the critical moment, "whish" down go the flags, and mid a shout re-echoed from the distant stand the many-coloured phalanx tears down the hill in a cloud of dust, the crowd closing in behind, and in a few seconds more they are struggling up the incline on their way to the chair of Justice Clark.

Swimming.

THE SWIMMING ST. LEGER.

JUST as the equine struggle upon Doncaster Town Moor on Wednesday was the last great horse-race of the year, so was the two-mile swim in the Thames on Saturday the last great swimming race of the year. Yorkshire, moreover, was interested in the Swimming St. Leger as well as in the St. Leger of the Turf. Leeds sent the most formidable competitor for the Two-mile Swimming Championship of England in the person of E. T. Jones. This deft swimmer leapt lightly on board the *Susannah* steam-launch at Putney last Saturday afternoon; and, by the time this clipping little screw-steamer was swung round broadside to the tide near the Aqueduct, he had peeled and joined the three other swimmers awaiting the starting-signal on the canvas-covered diving plank, almost flush with the top of the bulwarks. The four rivals, good swimmers all, stood in the following order, counting from the Surrey side:—

Joe Collard (tall, slim, and lissom)—Secretary of the Serpentine Club.

Willie Beckwith (a pocket Hercules, Professor Beckwith's game young son).

E. T. Jones (the lithe and muscular Mile Champion).

Fred. Cavill (the brawny Champion of the South Coast).

The tide was flowing rather slack; and into it all, save Jones, plunged simultaneously on receiving the word "go" from Mr. J. Vandy, of *Bell's Life*. Jones waited till he saw young Beckwith rise with the lead before he started. Then, he plunged into the river with the agility of an otter, rose from a long clean dive close at their heels, cleaved through the water at a terrific pace with his powerful side-stroke, soon shot past Cavill, caught up to Willie Beckwith, left him inch by inch, took the lead at the Star and Garter, maintained his advantage, and won by fifty yards ahead of Beckwith (most judiciously steered by the veteran ex-champion, his father), Cavill being some twenty-five yards behind the expert young second, and Collard bringing up the rear. The lusty victor was loudly cheered by the throngs on Hammersmith Bridge. Considerable interest was felt in the time occupied by him in the swim—a little under two miles—as J. B. Johnson's time in swimming precisely the same course last year was known, and it is almost a question as to whether Jones or Johnson is the swifter swimmer. Jones's time, then (as taken by Mr. J. Vandy and Mr. J. G. Elliott), was 29 min. 1 sec.; whilst Johnson's was 26 min. 25 sec. Though this makes Johnson appear to have been 2 min. 36 sec. quicker than Jones was last Saturday, no one ought to run away with the idea that

Johnson is, therefore, the better man, for the variation in the swiftness of the tide at different periods of the flood and the different courses taken by swimmers in the Thames are circumstances which may account for Johnson's quicker and Jones's slower time. "T'coop" was asked for by the new champion after the race. It was not O. P. Q. Philander Smith's mirth-moving "coop" that Jones wanted to take back to Leeds with him. It was the handsome silver cup that he had won. He will have to win this trophy three consecutive years, however, before it can become his property. So the Serpentine Club gave him a gold medal as a souvenir of his victory, and presented money prizes to Beckwith and Cavill as second and third.

DOLPHIN.

Athletic Sports.

THE Lurgan Meeting has of course been the chief event of the past few days, but though London was represented by two such good men as Walter Slade and W. J. Morgan, the results were by no means satisfactory. Slade certainly won the Mile in the very fast time—for such a course—of 4min. 40sec. In the Half-mile, however, J. B. Fergusson, Belfast, who had proved himself a good man in the mile, by running second to Slade and beating Warburton, stuck gamely to the champion, and, showing most speed in the last few strides, beat him by about half a yard, amid a scene of the greatest excitement. While every credit must be given to Fergusson for his gallant victory, we have not the smallest doubt that the result will be reversed if ever the two men meet again. Slade was very fat indeed, and had not put his shoes on for ten days, during the greater part of which time he had been travelling about Ireland, not a very good preparation for a severe race. The course was over very fair turf, but the finish was up a tremendously stiff hill, and Slade's want of condition told terribly in making this ascent. It is a well-known fact that the more a man runs the more training he requires, and doubtless this will be the last race Slade will lose for want of a sufficient preparation. The Three Miles' Walking Race fell to H. Webster, Stanley A.C., who accomplished the distance in the very fast time of 22min. 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Morgan was only a poor third, and as he has recently shown good form, his easy defeat was quite inexplicable. We are glad to hear that Webster intends to appear at the Champion Meeting next year.

Yesterday (Friday) evening, in accordance with a requisition signed by twenty members, a general meeting of the London Athletic Club was held, "to enquire into the conduct of Mr. John Potter, at the Hyde Athletic Festival on the 25th July last." This was manifestly the only proper course to adopt, for if the allegations against Mr. Potter are false, it is most unfair that he should not have a chance of disproving them; while, if true, he is certainly not a fit person to remain a member of the club. At the time of writing the meeting has not taken place, but we shall report the result next week.

The old Blackheath Meeting will be revived to-day (Saturday), under the auspices of Walter Slade. The entries for the various events have filled well, and some capital sport may be anticipated. The course is in Westcombe Park, and the first race is set for half past one o'clock.

Hunting.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND OTTER HOUNDS.

THE second visit of the above well-known pack of otter hounds and terriers to the Yore took place last week. The river was very much swollen by the recent rains, and in an unfavourable condition for otter hunting; but, notwithstanding this, the master, who was desirous of trying some of the juvenile members of his pack, arrived punctually at the scene of action. The meet took place at 5 a.m. the following morning; but probably in consequence of the fixture not being generally known, the field was not a very large one. The river Cover was first hunted, close by the pretty little island called the Batts but without any success. It was then decided to try the Yore, where a cast was made up stream with better success, as the hounds got on a drag at Eastholme, and followed it down the river; in the woods above Bolton Hall the varmint got into a hole, and although the terriers were set to work, a kill was not effected.

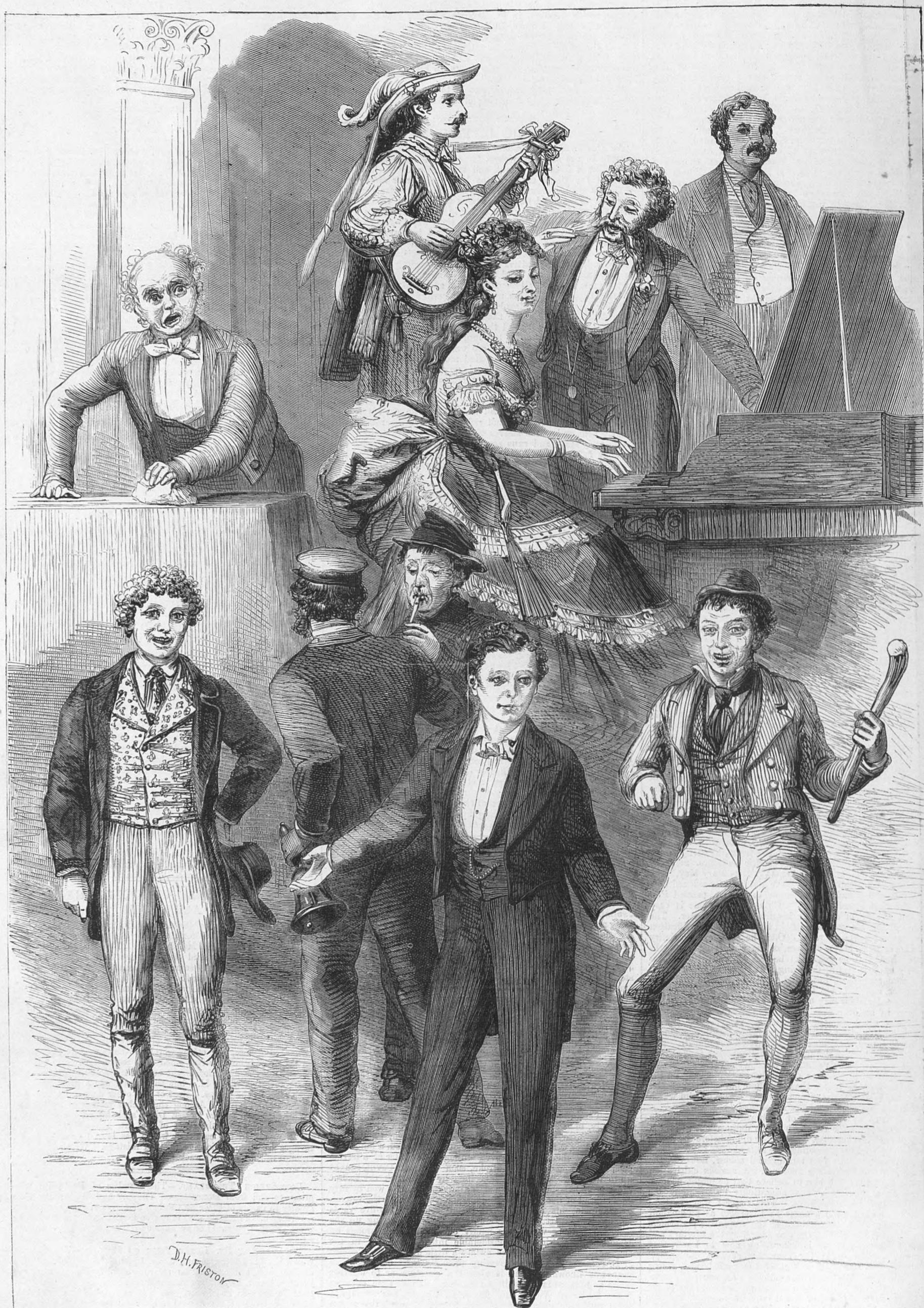
The pack met on the following morning at the same time and place; but the heavy rain made the field a very small one. An otter was at once found, and afforded splendid sport for fully three hours, when, owing to the weakness of the field, he escaped in the deeps above the bridge. Nothing could have been finer than the style in which the dogs worked under the charge of Messrs. Fenwick, and the young entry is remarkably promising.

IMPORTANT SALE OF FOX-TERRIERS AT ALDRIDGE'S.

AT one o'clock to-day (Saturday), Messrs. Freeman will dispose of a large kennel of fox-terriers, "the property of a gentleman," at Aldridge's, St. Martin's lane. This may be called the first attempt to sell a stud of fox-terriers by auction, for though Mr. Murchison got rid of some in the same way about three years ago, they were only a draft, and that a very poor one, so they naturally fetched nominal prices. The terriers that will be offered on Saturday are a very different lot, and many of them were purchased at long figures, so we shall watch the result with some curiosity. The best known of the dogs are Jocko, Rival, Merlin, and Tyke II. Jocko, who is a son of Mr. Dixon's famous old dog Sam, is himself a winner of many prizes, and is sire of Renard, Formosa, and others who have distinguished themselves on the show bench. Rival stood for a season or two at Brokenhurst, and perhaps Rival is the best of his stock. We have not seen Merlin or Tyke II.; but the former was a great favourite with some of the judges. Most of the other dogs are young ones by Jocko and Rival. Among the bitches we notice Spatey and Spite, two own sisters to Mr. Dixon's champion bitch, Myrtle, and there is also a daughter of the late lamented Foiler and old Nectar. In the catalogue which has been forwarded to us, no ages are given, which is a decided mistake. We shall give an account of the sale next week.

POST-OFFICE TELEGRAMS.—The number of Post-office telegrams to and from Doncaster on Tuesday and Wednesday were greatly in excess of those on the two first days of any previous anniversary of the meeting, so much so from Doncaster that there was a delay of upwards of an hour on all messages before the St. Leger was run.

THE FASTEST ST. LEGER TIME ON RECORD.—The time in which the St. Leger was run, 3min. 16sec. according to Benson's chronograph, is the fastest on record. Reveller's as given in the lists was faster, but it must be remembered that the course was not then so long as it is now. Sir Tatton Sykes's was also 3min. 16sec., but the weights carried in his day were 3lb less than they now are. Caller Ou's time, over the same track and at the present weights, was 3min. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.



MR. F. MACCABE'S ENTERTAINMENT.—"BEGONE, DULL CARE."



MR. HENRY IRVING AS 'EUGENE ARAM.'

Badmado

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements intended for insertion in the Saturday's issue of the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," must be posted so as to arrive not later than Wednesday evening, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges for Advertisements on application.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

News Agents desirous of being supplied with "Contents Bills," are requested to send in their applications to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

DONCASTER, besides being the capital of Northern racing, holds her chief festival at a season when all sports are in full swing, and from the votaries of each who congregate in the painfully regular streets of its citizen-landlords, we gather all that is stirring in the various channels converging here for their St. Leger tryst. What with the yearling sales in the forenoon, a hasty interval snatched for luncheon, and then a formidable afternoon's business on the Town Moor, most of us have had enough of the noble animal for one day, and can afford a few spare hours from the study of handicaps and kindred occupations, especially after the great event of the week has been decided. With the Newmarket Autumn Meetings staring us in the face, to say nothing of days of dark November, sacred to the enterprise of a Frail, a Merry, or a Topham, and with the newly born ventures of Brighton Autumn and munificently supported Bristol looming in the distance, there is enough and to spare of the racing season before us, and we turn to other sporting topics with additional zest. From the purple moors come evil tidings of disease and consequent scarcity, while in the stubble men have begun but badly in the rough weather and want of cover for birds. But we have great things from the deer forests of Scotland, and a brace has been proclaimed with the red bird of the heather, the many-tined stag has been ruthlessly assailed in his hill fortresses and gloomy valley coverts. Salmon, as the papers say of blue shirtings, have been "quiet" in more senses than one, owing to the long drought, but it is satisfactory to record the success achieved by the net-fishermen, who, thanks to the Inspectors of Fisheries and their zealous reforms, have reaped a "harvest of the sea" as joyful and plenteous as that garnered away in many an English homestead.

Yachting men have enjoyed a glorious season in the Solent and elsewhere, and many a prow has been turned homewards during the last few weeks in order to make her port in time for the Leger, to say nothing of anticipations, to be realised in a few short weeks, of the opening day with the Quorn, or a nearer prospect of busting the cubs about in the grey dawn of a moist September day. Nothing has become so popular of late years as a cruise "over the dark blue waters," and the building yards at Cowes and Ryde are as resonant as Portsmouth or Plymouth in the good old days of our wooden walls. Cricket dies hard in the provinces, and we rejoice to have to chronicle during the past season fewer of those farces, once so constantly in representation, of elevens v. twenty-twos. A most prosperous London cricket season has passed away; a band of brothers, professional and amateur, are starring it in the country, and astonishing the yokels of many a village green, whose previous ideas of the noble game have been but crude and imperfect. The end of this month should see "stumps drawn," and the votaries of bat and ball transferred to another sphere of athletics during the winter recess. Country houses are as full, and in many cases as *triste*, as ever, and after a few vain attempts at stalking a blackcock or walking an attenuated patch of turnips in the morning, the men of the party are glad enough of an excuse to get back in time for the social midday meal, and while away the afternoon in the company of the lady contingent, and in addition to archery and croquet, older friends of the leisure garden hour, to plunge deep into the mysteries of such younger sisters of pastime as badminton, lawn tennis, and the like contrivances for killing time between one meal and another.

But at the same time that the "fiery finger" of autumn is busy at work yellowing the leaves of the Doncaster avenue, and garnering the "mellow peers" so dear to holiday makers on the old Town Moor, the mighty keynote, echoing from the hunter's horn, is borne far and wide through the land, and in the intervals of Turf business the fancy of the son of Nimrod lightly turns to where his hunters are getting into condition for a campaign in the shires, or desultory skirmishes in his own neighbourhood. "The season of seasons" is at hand, and the more impetuous rather chafe over the prelude of cub-hunting, even as gods in the gallery stamp their feet impatiently during the performance of the piece preceding the pantomime. We hear no more complaints of want of rain, and there is not much chance of the ground hardening again, now that all the bone has been taken out of it so thoroughly. The supply of foxes, from all accounts we have been able to gather, seems, if not equal to demand, at any rate more ample than of late years, and the old fox and pheasant question has been debated as fiercely as usual

between the fur and feather sections; the latter of which, like John Barleycorn when placed on his trial by the Lawsonites, always seems to get the worst of it. Entries also seem satisfactory, so altogether the fox-hunter may be said to have good prospects before him, provided only the winter spares him her frosty hand. Nowhere is the "hunter race" of England better represented than at Doncaster, and though, loving a horse for its own sake, they can kill time pleasantly enough by a stroll in the paddock, and join in the general enthusiasm as the Leger field comes sweeping round the Intake turn, their hearts beat truer to the "spotted darlings" at home, to whose music they are soon to steer the "clipper that stands in the stall at the top" over field and fallow.

No sooner has "regular hunting" commenced than steeple-chasing will be putting forward its claim to fill up the blank space between November and March; and already coursers have been busy in their kennels making entries, or giving their greyhounds a spin by way of feeler before committing them to the slippers' hands. By the time the public schools and universities have reassembled after their vacation, foot-ball and athletic sports of all kinds will be in vogue, so carrying us along until Christmas, after which we look for the wheel of recreation to commence a new revolution. So we go on, year by year, the progress of pastime keeping pace, we trust, with the march of intellect, and ever opening up new fields of relaxation and amusement. But September is the carnival of Sport, and sitting before the first fire of the season at Doncaster, we would fain send forth our greeting to her numerous disciples. Philosophers may smile and cynics sneer at the earnestness and care we bring to bear upon mere passing pursuits of pleasure in our leisure hours. A nation of shopkeepers we may be, but like Tennyson's "smooth-faced snub rogue" we "leap from our counter and till" at the first note of war, the earliest signal of Sport. Our hearts are in out-door pursuits, as mainly contributing to the "sound mind in the sound body" so often sacrificed by the course of an enervating or sedentary life. Other nations may imitate us in our sporting tastes, but they can never inherit them as a birthright. Be it then our earnest and constant endeavour to exalt the character of those relaxations so necessary to our well-being, eliminating all that is low and debasing, and waging perpetual warfare against those charlatans who, professing to have the interests of sport at heart, use it merely as a means of chicanery and deceit; thus lowering its reputation in the eyes of those with whom we are most anxious it should find favour.

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XXIV.—THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The name of this racer celebrity is among the earliest of our Turf recollections. We have some indistinct glimmerings of "Surplice" spoken of in connection with the Leger of 1848, when we had not yet entered our "teens." But all our juvenile hero worship was offered at the feet of that popular idol, "The Dutchman." Derby pocket-handkerchiefs were more in vogue in those childish days, and we can recall our June gift of one of those useful and, in this case, ornamental necessities of life. It was not until years had rolled on that the illusion began slowly to vanish, and we found to our sorrow that the "Dutchman" came out again a few years later to do duty as West Australian, with a blackened jacket, but in the same painful state of extension as that depicted on our cherished bandanna. Whether there was really more popular enthusiasm in those days on behalf of a "crack," we cannot say, but a year after there could be no mistake about the intense interest excited for months before the great match at York was run. Perhaps it may have been our first passing induction into racing lore that gilds that happy period, when horses are known merely "as such," and not in connection with "Turf practices" into which we speedily become initiated as we advance in our acquaintance with racing matters. There was something, so appropriate in the name of Lord Eglinton's crack, and the legend in connection with the fabled mariner of the Cape had been set before the public in so many different ways, that folks readily took it up, and made it more of a household word than that of any modern race-horse, if we except, perhaps, West Australian and Gladiateur, the "foreign extraction" of the latter doubtless causing him to form the talk of the multitude. Whether The Dutchman was really the wonder the world would have us believe is another question altogether, but posterity is at least bound to give him the benefit of the doubt.

The Flying Dutchman, bred by Mr. Vansittart in 1846, was by the famous Bay Middleton, out of Barbelle by Sandbeck, her dam Darioletta, by Amadis, out of Selima by Selim, dam by Pot-8-os, out of Editha by Herod. Barbelle was also dam of Van Tromp, a St. Leger winner, and of others whose reputation was not of so high a character as that of the celebrated half-brothers. Passing into the possession of Lord Eglinton, and placed under Fobert's care to teach the young idea how to gallop, he first left Spigot Lodge on a voyage of discovery to Newmarket, whither his reputation had succeeded him, for in a July field of eight they laid odds on tartan and yellow sleeves, which colours he carried successfully to the post, winning cleverly by a length from sister to Iodine and The Jester. Cracow and Chicot were no use to him in a sweepstakes at the same meeting, and he was never out of Marlow's hands during his racing career. At Liverpool he made very short work of Escalade and two of the "great unnamed" by Lanercost, and being then put by for Doncaster, he came out with odds of 3 to 1 on him for the Champagne Stakes, which he won in a canter from Ellen Middleton (subsequently better known as the dam of Wild Dayrell), Cigarette, Raillery, and Impératrice. He also won the Two-year-old Stakes, beating Garrick and Velox. Having held his proud position of first favourite for the Derby during the winter, he started at 2 to 1 for the great event, Tadmor pressing him close at 5 to 2, with Nunnykirk and others at a respectful distance. In the race, which was run on very heavy ground, he could only get home a length in front of the despised Hotspur, whom Whitehouse brought up at the distance full of running. The stable, however, had good reason for believing that that was not their pet's form, and Fobert went gently on with him during the summer, with the Great St. Leger in view. At Liverpool he picked up the Bickerstaffe in a Post Sweepstakes by merely walking round the course, and was then sent along in earnest for Doncaster, where Hotspur and Tadmor were not destined to interfere with his prospects. For the race he started with odds of 9 to 4 laid on him, Nunnykirk and Vatican being faintly supported at 15 to 1, and Old Dan Tucker in the same division. The Dutchman won very easily by two lengths, and also placed the Foal Stakes to Lord Eglinton's account, without having the trouble to gallop for it. In the Second October, he received 500 forfeit from Lord Clifden's Honeycomb, and though

Sir Joseph Hawley pulled out Vatican to oppose him in the Belmont Stakes (and with 7lb the best of the weights), he only shared the fate of most of The Flyer's opponents, and sustained an eight-lengths' defeat. In 1850 came the natural promotion to the rank of Cup horse at Ascot, wherein he bowled over Canezou with ridiculous ease, Jericho, who had undergone a sort of resuscitation from a stallion back to a race-horse, splitting the pair. At Goodwood, Sir Joseph Hawley again cast down the gauntlet with Vatican, but it could only have been with the hope of saving his 300-sovereign stake, as The Dutchman on this occasion altered the eight lengths into twelve. He did not run for the Goodwood Cup, and the Doncaster trophy was looked upon both at home and abroad as such a certainty for him that he was indulged, and in fact did nothing beyond dodging about with Mavors and others during the six weeks preceding the Doncaster Meeting. A blow came to the stable's overweening confidence from a very unexpected quarter, as it was thought his name would frighten most away from meeting him in the Cup. Lord Zetland, however, following the excellent Turf maxim of "always have a cut at the crack," was not deterred from entering Voltigeur, his double St. Leger race in him notwithstanding, and the race was reduced to a match between these two brown celebrities; "Nat" domineering the honoured spots of Aske, and Marlow having his leg up once more on the Middleham post.

Yorkshire was divided against itself for both this historical Cup race and the match which sprung from its decision. The Dutchman, making the best use of his terrific speed, tried on the cutting down with his more wiry and better-trained opponent, but for the first time Marlow found he was not "equal to the occasion," and Nat's good half-length at last sent Richmond fairly mad with delight. As for The Flyer, whose wings had been so unmercifully clipped, he could only command the sympathy of his backers, who seemed fairly "paralysed, and utterly unable to believe that such a giant had fallen at last." They wandered about, as pale and silent as marble statues, and Marlow stood near the weighing-house in a flood of tears, with Lord Eglinton, as pale as ashes himself, kindly trying to soothe him." But the day of revenge came at last, when both browns were stripped for the great encounter at York. Much has been written by the friends of Voltigeur as to his "heart" going in the meanwhile, while they profess to be certain of his loss of form, by the fallacious reasoning of "lines" and trials. Be that as it may, the tables were most decisively turned on this occasion, and we read from a contemporary chronicler that Lord Eglinton, after the welcome "All right" had aroused one more enthusiastic cheer from the "tartan" clans, solemnly declared that the Spigot Lodge pet would straightway be withdrawn from the Tad— for ever. As to the race itself, the same writer says: "When the flag fell, Voltigeur went off with the running at the top of his pace, taking a lead of at least three lengths, and making very severe play, the heavy state of the ground being had in account. In this way they rounded the last turn, when Marlow called upon The Dutchman, with a request very pointedly urged. As they passed the stand, it was stride for stride, and a struggle of desperate effort. It was too much for the young one—he tired by the soonest—The Flying Dutchman passed the winning-post by a short length."

The Flying Dutchman was a dark brown horse, without a white mark about him, and a remarkable-looking horse in every way. He stood about 15 hands 2½ inches in height, and had a plain head, with a Roman nose, remarkably large and prominent eye, and carried his ears a trifle back, thus making his profile the more marked and fuller of character. His neck was fairly strong, but, unlike most real stayers, he carried it rather arched in the Mildew fashion. His shoulders were long and well-set, girth deep, and barrel round. His back was exceedingly powerful, and, like many others of Bay Middleton's get, rising a trifle on the rump; excellent quarters, with a thin switch tail. His arms and thighs were very large and muscular, and with plenty of bone, but he stood a little over at the knee, his principal defect, and inherited by many of his stock. Immediately after his great match with Voltigeur, he was withdrawn from active service, and advertised to stand at Rawcliffe paddocks, along with the grey Chanticleer, at 30 guineas a mare. He had become the property of a "confederation," who reckoned on the vast popularity of the horse, and his undoubted high qualities as a racer, to turn him into a "paying concern." At first he was eagerly sought after both by South and North, but though he had the luck to make so good a beginning, his foals were terribly disappointing when at length they made their appearance. Yearlings, they seemed to get better and more shapely, and accordingly fetched high prices from those who are more aptly guided by paper pedigrees than that make and shape for every good judge should bargain to commence with. Numerous celebrities among the sisterhood of brood mares were sent on bootless errand to the "Dutchman's" haras, not but that the horse was a sure foal getter, but the "little strangers" somehow could not be persuaded to "take after papa," excepting in cases where he generally transmitted very faithfully to all shades of brown to his numerous progeny.

Ellerdale, indeed, bore him Ellington and Gillernire, but the former was not the sort of Derby winner that the racing public cared to rave about; while from Espoir, a Liverpool mare, he had Brown Duchess, who proved, by her dead heat with Kett's for the Doncaster Cup at 10lb, that there was something in the ordinary Oaks form about her. From 30 guineas at the commencement of his stud career, The Dutchman was promoted to 40 in 1856, while the next year saw him at the zenith of his reputation with 50 guineas as his fee; but in 1858 he was reduced to his original figure, and thenceforth may be said to have declined and fallen. From "Sils and Scarlet" we learn the number of foals credited to him in 1853-58 (during his owners are said to have received £5900 as his rent by the Rawcliffe Company) is 199; but so far we look in vain for anything with much real class about it, except Ignoramus by-night." The former, out of a Little Known mare, continued so steadfastly in his well doing as the stable horse, the latter, a son of The Flapper, one of Mr. Bowes' beauties, went the way of all horseflesh before John S. opinion of his merits was confirmed. Cape Flyaway, Whitewall stable, and a son of The Dutchman's old opponent, Canezou, was a good, fair horse, and made an examiner, though the stable were apparently "out" in the trials in 1860. "The Druid" goes on to say:—"The fillies, the regulation price for them at Tattersall's, have generally been from eighteen to twenty-five guineas for yearlings, or about an eighth of what they cost at the season before. He may have been managed better, but it is certain that his yearlings of 1858 were of a better stamp and size than before. Still there is the defect of long back, which terminates in a short croup, and takes away strength so sadly out of the loins. Their arms and thighs are their finest points; and the former especially are so strong in Philomel, as a yearling, they almost offended the eye. The two-mile race has been usually quite out of their scope, but had a succession of Touchstone mares, we might, as by-night's case, have seen some stayers." The French had £4000 for him at the Goodwood Meeting of 1858, but

nothing less, was the response. At last he became the property of our neighbours across the water for the sum of £4000, offered on condition that Mr. Field passed him, and having come through this ordeal satisfactorily, he became the companion of Pyrrhus the First, and stood at the public service at 200 francs, the charge for his chestnut neighbour being 500 francs, or more than double that of The Dutchman. In France he begot some fairly good performers, Dollar being perhaps his best card, and a Goodwood Cup winner in 1864. Dutch Skater was almost the last of his running stock, and a very useful member of the great French stable, though he could not quite hold his own with the Cup horses of the day. The Dutchman's list of mares in the "Stud Book" is still a lengthy one, and can boast of such names as Bonny Blink (dam of Haworthen), Brown Duchess, Columbine, Flying Duchess (who lays claim to that two-year-old phenomenon, Galopin), Katherine Logie, Penance, Vergissmeinnicht, and others; while Rita and Eglantine, among those recently deceased, have made their mark with Palmerston and Drummond. Altogether the "Dutchwomen" have deserved well of their country, as will be admitted by breeders, who may find, in addition to those enumerated above, a very large proportion of dams of winners among the roll-call of The Flyer's mares, and inasmuch as the line in full male threatens to become extinct, it is satisfactory to have something to fall back upon, and to perpetuate the unrivalled excellencies of the illustrious exile's blood through the female branches of his family.

FOXHUNTING IN IRELAND SOME YEARS AGO.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

WHEN a young subaltern in a regiment of the line, my company was sent on detachment to Trim, the county town of Meath, for the purpose of furnishing military guards to the jail as it was the custom to do. Being an ardent lover of foxhunting, which I was well accustomed to, though I cannot say that I enjoyed it much at first—as my father, who always accompanied me, was a man of rather arbitrary temper, who, when I or my pony seemed anxious to decline a dangerous-looking fence, was in the habit of using his whip to overcome our reluctance—still, as I advanced in years, I acquired more confidence in myself and my hunter, and soon gained the character of a bold rider, who could hold his place with any pack of hounds he might happen to hunt with. It was therefore with great delight that I started on our march for Trim, as the Meath foxhounds were then in the zenith of their reputation, and I had heard many amusing anecdotes of the skill and eccentricities of Jack Grennon, their well-known huntsman. I write of a time when foxhounds were bred not to run nearly as fast, and almost as mute, as greyhounds. The Meath pack were quite equal to deal successfully in point of speed with their game, and, when giving tongue, chaunted such sweet music as cheers on both steeds and riders to desperate deeds of daring. It was a time, too, when the Irish hunter was most deservedly in high repute for his many great qualities; when fresh mounts in the field were unheard of; and the horse who could not carry thirteen stone for a hard day's work, over any country, and at the tail of any pack, was regarded as all but worthless. The class of hunters then in vogue seldom stood over fifteen hands three inches in height, with fine, well-set shoulders, round barrels, strong fore arms, flat shins, and massive, lengthy quarters; their muscles standing out as they moved in well-defined bunches, indicating their tremendous power of jumping and great endurance of fatigue. Of late years, a type of this description of animal is rarely to be found. Irish breeders are now turning their attention to the production of such horses as suit the English market; remounts are the rule here, and speed instead of stoutness is required to keep pace with the over-fleet and nearly dumb foxhounds, that sail over the shires where, with few exceptions, the fences offer but little obstruction to their progress. The allowance granted me by my father was indeed more than liberal—and I took with me to commence the campaign a splendid pair of hunters, with a couple of good hacks quite capable of taking their places, in case of accident or illness. Being fully aware of Jack Grennon's roughness of manner, often amounting to insolence when at all interfered with in the discharge of his duties, I sedulously cultivated his friendship, which I soon acquired by a little judicious flattery, as he saw that I rode fearlessly, and had a strong desire under his guidance to learn the science of foxhunting, of which I was till then profoundly ignorant, riding, not hunting, having been before my primary object. As the season advanced, I learned the names of all the best hounds, and won I might almost say his affection. When I joined him at the "meet," he told me all but to a certainty, from the point of the wind, the line of country the fox was likely to take, for having once been compelled to break, the great distance between the coverts in that part of Ireland rendered it necessary for Reynard—if he valued his brush—to make a determined push for some well-known harbour of refuge. His advice always concluded with the recommendation—"Stick close to me, Sir; I know you won't ride on the dogs."

It was, however, on unfavourable days, when the scent lay coldly, and there was storm overhead, which frequently necessitated slow hunting, that I profited most by what might be termed Grennon's lectures on the science of his craft. When the hounds at "check" were endeavouring to recover their game, he invariably called my attention to the movements and action of "Smasher," his prime favourite. "There, look at that dog, Sir; see how he stoops to his work; watch how he advances, only step by step, in his search; and mark how the hair on his neck and stern begins to stand stiff as he gains confidence in his opinion. There, now he's expressing his thoughts in a sort of gentle whinper, but he won't open until he's certain of being right. The pack looks up to him as the curates do to the archdeacon, and he won't damage his character by saying what might turn out to be untrue; the moment he does speak, you'll see how he'll be listened to." "Steady, old boy, steady; you have it now, my baby," as the pet gave tongue, and his cry of "Hark to 'Smasher,'" became unnecessary, the hounds having instantly rallied round their trusted leader, and confirming his decision, away we went in full swing, Jack remarking as we started, "That's a wonderful animal; I'm blessed if he oughtn't to be put in the papers." It was near the end of the season when we had our best day's sport. The meet was at Mountaintown, the wind from the south, the sky cloudy, and the ground in prime condition. I joined Grennon on the road to the rendezvous, and left him in the highest spirits when I proceeded to join the company at breakfast, as he anticipated a sure find and a brilliant run. He drew up with his belongings in a vacant space beside a newly erected church, just opposite the entrance to the demesne, awaiting the arrival of the "field," who were enjoying the hospitality of the then Mr. Pollock, when an iron boar—the crest of that gentleman—which was placed as a vane on the sacred edifice, suddenly tumbled down, and killed one of his most valued dogs. The breakfast over, we proceeded to join the pack; everyone in high glee, the amiable owner of the place leading the van. We had no sooner, however, cleared the gate than it became evident that something untoward had happened, as Grennon and his whips remained on foot, surrounded by some peasants, who prevented our seeing the cause of the disturbance. "Now then,

Jack," cried Mr. Pollock, "let the hounds be thrown into covert." "Thrown into covert," roared Jack in reply; "what the devil's the use of my trying to hunt when your d—d pig has just killed 'Tanner,' the very hound I always relied on to work out the scent on a dusty road." After entreaties and remonstrances were had recourse to, he at length proceeded to work, and the hounds had scarcely entered a small patch of gorse when a splendid fox broke covert, and they went off at an *en tapis*. Reynard soon traversed under cover of a huge double ditch, with hedges on either side. The view was broken, the pack settled steadily to its work, and we galloped over magnificent pasture fields of some sixty acres, in extent, our delight being only chastened by our approach to the enormous fences by which they were surrounded, which we knew must be passed over, as the iron gates, of far greater height than any in this country, were kept purposely locked. After a slashing burst of about four miles, when nearly run off his legs, the fox suddenly disappeared, and the hounds stood still, as if in utter bewilderment as to what had become of him. A miserable cabin was built on the roadside, against a cut-away hill, the thatch on the back part of the roof being on a level with the field. Up this the jaded "varmint" crept, and jumping down the chimney, landed safely, amidst a cloud of dust and soot, on the back of the terrified housewife, while she was in the very act of putting the potato pot on the fire, and then ensconced himself under the bed. The hounds had tried the opening unsuccessfully, as the smoke smothered the scent, and it was only when a whip, suspecting what had happened, entered the shanty that the fox rushed out and took shelter in an open sewer close by. As we were some miles distant from any regular covert, recourse was had to the very unsportsmanlike proceeding of digging him out. The poor brute was hurt during the operation, and on being forced to move was promptly "ragged" by his pursuers. As a matter of course, Jack pocketed his half-crowns from all present, and it became a matter of debate as to what should be our next move. Both men and horses had recovered their wind, and, as it was still early in the day, were anxious for another "go;" but Grennon threw cold water on the proposal. We were, he said, too far from any of the stopped earths, and the hounds, if they did find after reaching them, and had a long run, might be unable to return to the kennels before Sunday morning, which, he submitted, might entail a desecration of the sabbath, against which he warmly protested. Amongst the first up was the venerable archdeacon of the diocese, a thorough sportsman, always magnificently mounted, and very popular from his hospitality and other good qualities. He was, however, very hot-tempered, and never hesitated, if need were, to inflict personal castigation on those who merited it. He warmly advocated another find, while Jack still demurred, as, after touching his field money, he was anxious to get home at his ease. There was no knowing how the controversy might have ended, when a dog, having happily applied his nose to one end of a ventilating tunnel which passed through a sheepcock of hay standing close by, a fox broke from the other, and the question in dispute was promptly settled by the pack, pursuing him in full cry. We had a clipping run of at least six Irish miles, without a check, when we reached the Bishop of Meath's demesne of Ardbreacan, where the scent was lost. Immediately "lifting" his hounds, Jack made a cast in what he well knew to be the wrong direction, with the evident intention of losing his game and ending the business of the day. The trick was too transparent, and the archdeacon was unanimously requested to remonstrate with him. The reverend dignitary modestly suggested that he should try the other side of the field, where he might prove more fortunate, but the irate huntsman, cantering his horse to a standstill, and insolently staring at him, replied, "It would be a d—d deal fitter for your reverence to be at home preparing your sermon for to-morrow than to be here teaching me my business. What would you think if I mounted your pulpit to instruct your congregation? I'm ashamed of you." At this moment the dogs, left to themselves, fortunately recovered the scent, and off we went again in the direction of the palace. The bishop, having been appointed to the see at an early age, refused the renewal fines, and "ran his life" against the leases of the tenantry; but a dangerous illness within a few weeks of the termination of the twenty-one years, which would, as the law there stood, have enabled him to let the see lands at a nominal rent to his family, induced him to renew negotiations with them, and a delegate from their body was at his bedside arranging a settlement, when the fox, worn out with fatigue, and seeing the hall door open, rushed up the stairs just as the butler was announcing luncheon at the drawing-room, and dashed, with the hounds at his brush, amongst the charitable ladies of the neighbourhood, who, with Mrs. Bishop, were busily engaged in fabricating garments for the poor. Reynard dodged his pursuers under sofas and easy chairs; work-tables and clothes-baskets were upset, the dogs giving "tongue" and the ladies shrieking, and the din was increased when the whips, running to the rescue, belaboured the hounds, Jack all the time winding his horn without to recall them. It most unfortunately happened that the parlour door was left open to admit the guests, and the tail hounds, attracted not only by the smell but the sight also of the tempting viands, quitted their game, and betook themselves to the enjoyment of the unexpected repast. Decanters and glasses were smashed, while roast turkeys and other savoury dishes quickly disappeared; and such of the pack as attended to the huntsman's call came carrying in their mouths the remnant of some joint, over which there was a free fight in the open. Terrified by this dreadful and unaccountable uproar, the suffering prelate fainted. The "negotiator" abruptly left the room with the certain and pleasing conviction that he was dead, and, mounting his horse, galloped off to communicate the happy tidings to his brother tenants, who were assembled in the neighbouring town awaiting the result of his interview. Mounted messengers were at once despatched for medical men, and the melancholy news, "that the bishop had been killed by the Meath foxhounds," spread like wildfire. On perceiving that the hounds had made an entry into the palace, the archdeacon and the other men up at once took to flight; but I was obliged to await the result, as I was unacquainted with the roads, and required Grennon's guidance to the place where my hack awaited me. Our way home lay through the neighbouring town, which was in a tremendous state of excitement. Before we reached it, the doctor first, and the curate soon after, passed us at gallop. The former, shaking his head at the appalled huntsman, merely asked, "How could you have allowed this to happen?" without waiting for a reply; the latter contenting himself with exclaiming, "It's an awful affair." When we entered the town, every door was crowded with hostile faces, and on turning from the main street, we were stopped in a narrow lane by a turf cart, which obstructed our passage. Here we found a crowd assembled discussing the shocking event, and Jack, being brought to a standstill, was completely at their mercy. "A pretty Protestant you are, Mr. Grennon, to allow your hounds to kill your bishop," cried one old woman. "Aye, and to eat him too," added another; "don't you see how full the filthy brutes are of the poor dear man;" while a fellow without shoes, and wearing a tattered scarlet coat, who spent his time following the hounds on foot, inquired *sotto voce*, "Now then, Mr. Grennon, did they really 'break him up?'" Jack clapped spurs to his jaded horse to dislodge himself, and the whips thrashed the gorged dogs to force them through the mob, who seemed strongly inclined to

stone them. We rode for some time in silence, when Jack gave vent to his cogitations. "Well, Sir, high-bred foxhounds is surely the proudest and fiercest animals in nature; they'll never touch a well-dressed gentleman, but if a beggar or a naked man gets amongst them, he's 'done.' Why on earth should any one in his senses quit his bed if they happened to get into his room?" It must be remembered that poor Grennon was at this time, like myself, completely ignorant of what really had occurred within the palace. When the hounds were driven out, he escaped as quickly as he could, and the first intimation he received of anything having gone wrong was the ominous remarks of the doctor and curate, which were more than substantiated by the point-blank accusations of the old cronies. A fatal accident had occurred that very season to one of the whips of the Kildare hunt. Hearing a quarrel at night in the kennel, he went in his shirt to quell it, and all that remained of his body next morning was his bones. I clearly perceived that the remembrance of this event was floating through the poor fellow's mind, and it no doubt helped to give credence to the sinister reports which prevailed relative to the fate of the bishop. After a time Jack again broke silence. "Well, I'm hunting now, man and boy, for nearly forty years, and I never knew such a thing as two foxes—and game ones too—running into houses instead of making for their earths in the same day; but I might have known something bad would happen when that d—d pig fell on 'Tanner.' I wish the archdeacon would have let me go home after our first kill." Then turning in his saddle, he asked the first whip—a Yorkshire lad—now close behind him, "And did they?" "The five couples as was in the drawing-room did not, but what the rest may have done while we was a-punishing of them, I'm sure I can't say." When parting with Jack, I shook him warmly by the hand, encouraged him to be hopeful, promised to send a special messenger on my return to quarters to learn the bishop's condition, and next day I had the pleasure of informing him that his lordship had recovered from his insensibility, and that the furniture and luncheon were alone damaged by the inroad of his pack. That night we received the order to join head-quarters, and some years intervened before I again met Jack Grennon in the hunting-fields of Meath.

YORKSHIRE BRIDE.—This two-year-old filly has been wrongly described on many occasions. Her name has been both printed and written Yorkshire Pride.

A STRANGE TALE.—The French papers state that Charles Killick, an English jockey, has been arrested for stabbing a Paris coachman under the following peculiar circumstances:—The victim was driving his vehicle with a fare when Killick seized the bridle of his ricketty old horse, and said. "Why, this is Volunteer, that I won a dozen races with." On his refusing to leave go, the driver struck him with his whip, on which the jockey rushed upon him and stabbed him twice in the bosom with a knife, and, while the two lady passengers were alighting in a fright, stabbed the horse as well. He then quietly delivered himself up to the police.

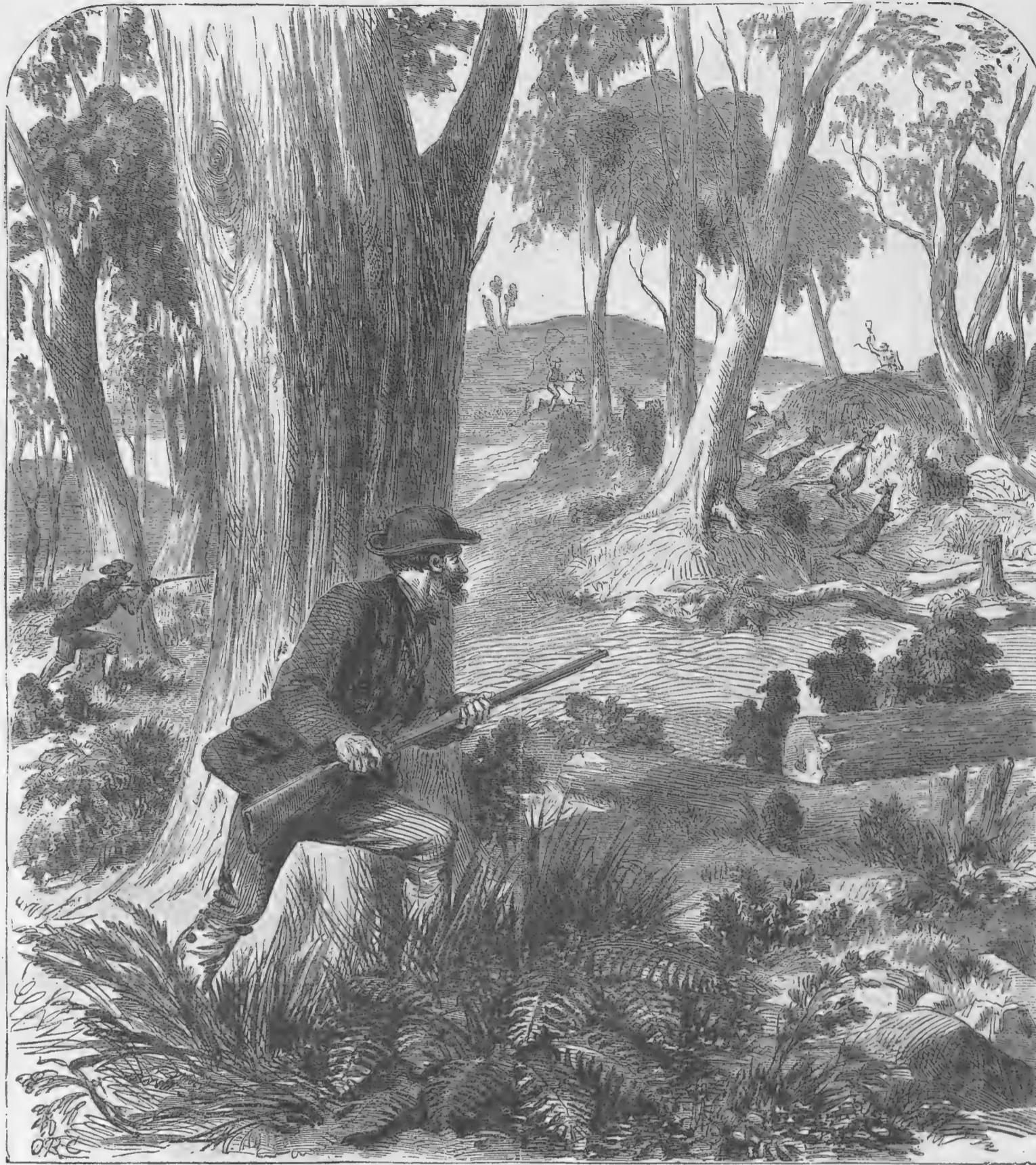
WENLOCK.—Since the last July Meeting, Lord Wilton's St. Leger winner of 1872 has not done any strong work. The son of Lord Clifden has only once appeared in public this year—in the Lincolnshire Handicap—in which race he finished amongst the rear division, having, it was alleged, got off badly. Until Monday week Wenlock has been indulged with a long rest. On that day he was sent a steady gallop of a mile and a half, after which he showed slight symptoms of lameness, and has not since been doing work with the rest of Gilbert's team at Newmarket. He may be got fit and well by the Cesarewitch day, though there is very little time left to accomplish that object, and his backers for the great autumn handicap at 50 to 1 cannot, according to present appearances, be congratulated on their investments.

GOLF.—The Golf Tournament at North Berwick was brought to a conclusion on Saturday last by two excellent professional singles. The first was between Willie Park and Young Tom Morris, and was for £25 a side, the game consisting of three rounds twenty-seven holes. Throughout the play Willie had the best of the game, and in the last round, with only three to play, he stood with two to his credit. Young Tom, however, with a singular run of luck, won all the three holes, and returned victorious by one in the afternoon. Old Tom Morris encountered Mungo Park, champion golfer, in three rounds, and after some splendid play, the match resulted in the favour of the former by one hole. The Morris's have thus, while playing individually against the Parks, come off successful, whilst in the recent foursome they were defeated by three holes.

BETTING ON RACECOURSES.—At the Salford Town Hall, on Friday, Detective Sergeant Seal applied for a number of summonses under the Betting Act, which came into operation on the 31st of July. The witness said that by the direction of the Chief Constable (Captain Torrens) he had to make application to the Bench for a number of summonses under the Act against certain persons for openly betting on the Manchester racecourse at the Autumn Meeting. A police-officer was instructed at that time to go to one of the bookmakers on the course and bet. The betters stood on large stools, inducing persons to bet with them. They had tickets, such as the one produced, which read as follows:—"W. Swanwick, member of the Prince of Wales Club, Turf Tavern, Nottingham. All in, run or not. All bets paid first past the post." These tickets they had in their hats; the same name and address they had on a satchel. These men were inducing persons to bet in an open place, and rendered themselves liable to prosecution. Sir John Iles Mantell said that he did not think the case came within the meaning of the Act. The Act stated that it was an offence when any telegram, circular, letter, placard, handbill, card, or advertisement is sent, exhibited, or published, inviting any person to make or take any wager in or in connection with any such "bet or wager." After reading that part of the Act very carefully, he did not think that the mere fact of the men shouting "10 to 1" on any horse was within the meaning of the Act. The card did not invite, and the mere shouting of the man was nothing. The summonses were refused.

LEIBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF.—This liquid extract of beef does not require cooking or warming. It is in the form of a foreign liqueur; is composed of beef, brandy, and tonics. Sold by grocers and wine merchants as a high-class cordial or liqueur, and by druggists, as a superior nutritive tonic. Wholesale confectioners, G. Gordon & Co., Italian warehousemen, 77, West Nile-street, Glasgow.—[ADVR.]

In every human production, however excellent, the critic looks for something which may mar it in his estimation. Take, for example, an equipage. The horses may be of the purest blood, the carriage superb and by its finish significant of costliness, and the harness may proclaim itself from the most approved maker, yet let the latter appear slovenly, and the entire beauty of the "turn out" is forfeited in the eye of correct taste. Now as such defect in what is otherwise extremely good is daily noticeable at the West End, it is with satisfaction that attention is invited to an improved Harness Composition, made by Mr. Propert, of 22, South Audley-street, London. Harness polished by it is readily distinguishable from that subjected to ordinary treatment. But what is mainly important is that this external splendour is not gained by sacrificing the leather, which positively is improved and preserved by its application, while even a minute inspection shows this composition does not in the slightest degree clog the stitches. Mr. Propert's composition by its very soft consistency works freely and even, and while it greatly nourishes the leather, it produces a dainty polish, which renders even an inferior "turn out" a pleasure to look upon.—*Vide Bell's Life, October 26th, 1867.*—[ADVR.]



WAITING FOR A SHOT.

WAITING FOR A SHOT.

THE sketch represents a small shooting party waiting for a shot in the more open country parts of New South Wales. Such parties rarely exceed ten in number, assisted by two or three beaters, men on foot, or on horseback. The mode adopted is for the sportsmen to lie in ambush, provided with rifles, and the beaters then scour the adjacent country and drive the kangaroos across the path of the sportsmen, who generally manage to bring some of their number down as they go hopping along in their own grotesque manner. In some parts of the country the kangaroos are so numerous that the farmers and settlers are obliged to turn out in very large numbers to drive them into three-sided enclosures, where they are slaughtered by hundreds. In other cases, hunting parties are made up, and when the long-tailed marsupials are started along, an exciting chase often ensues. The actual speed of the kangaroos is not very great, but their leaping powers are astonishing. They are very enduring, and always take the most difficult country, so that only the gamiest straight-goers can follow them in a direct line. The dogs are frequently torn, and sometimes killed, when they come to close quarters with the "old men" kangaroos. When hardly pressed, the kangaroo often takes shelter in a waterhole, and is able to drown the dogs that venture to follow it.

GOLDSMITH MAID'S GREAT TROT.

It was estimated that fully 20,000 persons saw the races on the second day of the meeting of the Rochester Driving Park Association. Last week the first race, for horses of the 2.45 class, was left unfinished. Condit's Smith won the first heat in 2.38 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Unknown the next two heats in 2.35 and 2.34. A protest was entered against Unknown because of its previous record and the suppression of its former name.

The "free for all" race was next called. It was announced that Goldsmith Maid would be driven to win the additional \$1,000 offered by beating her record of 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ made at Buffalo. She was

sent in the second heat, and trotted the mile in 2.14 $\frac{1}{4}$. This extraordinary performance was received with the wildest enthusiasm. The following is a summary of the race:—

ROCHESTER, Wednesday, August 12th—\$5000. Free to all. First trot, \$2500; second, \$1500; third, \$1000.

Budd Doble's Goldsmith Maid	1 1 1
Benjamin Mace's Judge Fullerton	3 2 2
Wm. Lovell's American Girl	2 3 3
Dan Mace's Henry	drawn.

	Quarter.	Half.	Three-qrs.	Mile.
1st Heat	33 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.9 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.43	2.10 $\frac{1}{4}$
2nd Heat	33 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.6 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.40 $\frac{1}{4}$	2.1 $\frac{1}{4}$
3rd Heat	34	2.8 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.44	2.19 $\frac{1}{4}$

Our illustration represents the mare and the scene during this memorable race. She was born in Sussex County, N. J., in 1857. Until she was six years old, she distinguished herself in many ways, but never as a trotter. She was under-sized, nervous, and fretful, and utterly refused farm-work. Her owner says he never got any work out of her but twice—one half-day in ploughing corn, and one half-day in drawing stones.

From the time she was two or three years old until Mr. Decker, her raiser, sold her at six, she was used as a race-horse, though without her owner's knowledge. The boys of the farm were anxious to know which was the speediest horse, and at an early day they found that it was the Maid. She beat everything that could be brought to run with her, so that finally none but the uninformed from a distance could be found to bet against her.

One day in 1863, two men stopped all night at Mr. Decker's, and in the morning bought the Maid of him for \$260, and started for home, leading the mare behind them. On the way they met Mr. Tompkins, who knew the little mare, and he bought her of them for \$360. The next day Tompkins sold her to Alden Goldsmith, an excellent judge of horseflesh, of Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York, for \$600. From him she took the name of Goldsmith Maid. He kept her in steady training under a driver named William Bodine, to whom, more than any other man, should be awarded the credit of first bringing the mare out.

Mr. Goldsmith many times determined to give up the training, and sell her at any price; but his patient driver maintained his abiding faith in her, and assured his employer that she was the fastest animal on his premises, and would come out at last a great trotter, and finally persuaded him to keep her, which he did until this driver so brought out her fine points that Goldsmith, in 1868, sold her to B. Jackman and Budd Doble, for \$20,000. These gentlemen sold her to H. N. Smith for \$37,000. Doble still drives her.

She made her first appearance in public in August, 1865. When she trotted in 2.17 at Milwaukee, September 6th, 1870, there was great excitement everywhere among horsemen. The majority doubted the length of the track and the time. But the track was measured afterwards by competent engineers, who testified, under oath, to its being a full mile in length when measured three feet from the inside rail; and the accuracy of the time was established beyond dispute.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*.

SHAD-FISHING IN THE JAMES RIVER.

WE read in *Harper's Weekly* that the shad-fishery this year all along the coast, from the Savannah River northward, has been prolific almost beyond precedent. Nothing like it has been known for years. The increase is, in all probability, owing to the stocking of the rivers with young shad, commenced some eight years ago in the Connecticut by Mr. Seth Green, who, although fishermen upbraid him with spoiling the market, deserves the thanks of the community for the abundance and cheapness of this delicious fish. On another page will be found a sketch of shad-fishing in the James River near the city of Richmond.

MIDDLEHAM.—Clearwell has left Winter's stable, and gone to Malton; Viscountess (late Lady Bundle) (2 yrs) is now trained by Hall. Kelchburne and Mendip are not trained on Middleham Moor.

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the course they continued laying the same odds against him to the best part of 1000 sovs., when he retrograded to 100 to 30, which in the aggregate was betted to another "thou." Feu d'Amour made a decided move to the front, notwithstanding that anyone with "half an eye," if he chose to open it, could not help seeing in the morning that his preparation had been a hurried one, and that instead of having improved by his long rest, he has grown into a long-backed split-up brute. He was backed several times at 1000 to 80 and 90, and finally 10 to 1 was booked to some 300. Atlantic was also in good odour, as 9 to 1 was taken about him, while 10 to 1 was offered against Trent, and as much as 1000 to 80 against Leolinus. Of the Russley pair, Glenalmond was backed at 1000 to 70, while 1000 to 30 was offered against Blantyre. Meantime Apology kept steadily at the top of the tree, 3 to 1 being taken about her whenever offered. At night the rooms were crowded, but the wagering on the St. Leger was never known to be so slow. Apology advanced to 5 to 2, while George Frederick was in still worse odour, 300 to 90 being betted against him, and subsequently as much as 4 to 1 to 300 or 400. Atlantic was backed at 8 to 1 to some money, and 13 to 1 was taken to 200 about Glenalmond, and 50 to 1 to small sums about Scamp. Neither Trent nor Leolinus were mentioned, the attention of speculators being more directed to the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire—Louise Victoria, The Pique, and Mornington, being in force for the former; and Highland Fling, Khedive, and Quantock, for the Cambridgeshire, 10,000 to 500 being booked in one bet about the latter.

The morning of the St. Leger day broke dull and cloudy, the sure presage of ill fortune to more than one horse engaged in that great race. All those intended to take part in the struggle were early on the course, except George Frederick, ominous rumours concerning whom were everywhere afloat, the end of which was that he was scratched at 9.7. And thus terminated the Wroughton farce, just as I had foreseen and for weeks back warned the readers of this journal, notwithstanding the columns written day after day sounding his praises as a non-such by nearly all the Turf writers, but more especially by those astute judges, he of the double *nom de plume*, Asmodeus, and Pavo, of the *Post*, not to speak of the "Special Commissioners" who had given them such kindly and special opportunities of leading the public astray. The infatuated backers of the Derby favourite must, however, remember that "To err is human, to forgive divine," and pardon all who had a hand in inducing them to back a horse which, owing to the accident that befell him the week before Ascot, lost his condition, and could not, in the bad state of the ground during the summer, be properly trained for the St. Leger. The immediate cause given for George Frederick's scratching was that his leg filled to such an extent after his gallop on Tuesday morning that Mr. Mannington was called in, who pronounced the opinion that if he ran he was likely to break down, a risk Mr. Cartwright would not run, and the pen was put through his raine at seven minutes past nine o'clock. But there was yet another sensation in store for the thousands who gathered into Doncaster to see the great Northern prize run for. Apology, in pulling up after galloping, boxed her fetlocks and limped off the course so lame in her off fore leg that every one believed her to have broken down. And this ill news supplementing as it did the scratching of George Frederick caused the utmost commotion in the town, every one's enquiry being, "What next?" The wildest rumours concerning this misfortune prevailed everywhere, but that John Osborne at first regarded her case to be serious is proved by the fact that he immediately telegraphed to Mr. Launde stating what had occurred, but fomentation took away most of the soreness of the blow and revived the hopes of her principal backers. This *contretemps*, however, coupled with the scratching of George Frederick, caused a great revolution in the betting, Atlantic, who had gone a nice gallop in the morning, which pleased those who had seen it, being for a while advanced to the premiership, as little as 4 to 1 being taken about him, while Trent and Feu d'Amour were each backed at 100 to 15, and at 7 to 1 a lot of money was put on Glenalmond. Leolinus met with some support at 8 to 1, and all kinds of prices were laid against the Oaks winner from 10 to 50 to 1 in some instances, while long odds were everywhere offered that he would not run.

The course, as two o'clock, the hour for commencing business, approached, presented the same extraordinary scene it has ever done since railways have enabled the great manufacturing towns of the North and of the Midlands to pour their countless thousands on to the Town Moor on the St. Leger Day. The whole expanse of the Moor was literally black with people, and the extensive range of stands, the finest in the Kingdom, with their several enclosures, were so crowded that there was scarcely room to move. The excitement occasioned by the uncertainty that prevailed respecting the starting of "the Pride of Yorkshire" caused but little interest to be taken in the two races which preceded the great event. For the first of these, the Bradgate Park Stakes, the "talent" had the temerity to bet 7 to 4 and in some instances 2 to 1 on Cashmere against her five opponents, which included Slumber, Aldrich, Lady Glenorchy, and Novar, but Mr. Vyner's recent purchase had nothing to do with the race, which fell to Slumber, who won by a head after a most exciting set-to with Lady Glenorchy. For the Cleveland Stakes backers were equally unfortunate, as Thunder, notwithstanding his severe race for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and that he was giving Thorn 7lb, was made the favourite. The race was a pretty one, but Thorn had the best of it throughout, and won by three-quarters of a length. The crush in the saddling enclosure now became tremendous, as a rush was made to take stock of the several St. Leger competitors, one of the first of whom to arrive was Apology, who was almost mobbed by those desirous to see what truth there was in the rumours of the morning. And that she had boxed her fetlocks was very apparent, for the off one was slightly swollen both inside and out; but yet she walked as sound as possible, the thing most damaging to her prospect of success being that she exhibited some slight apparent sexual weakness. Nevertheless, she was quickly restored to favour in the Ring, where the highest offer against her was 7 to 2. Having already referred to the condition of the several competitors when recounting their doings on Tuesday morning, I have no occasion to say more than that the whole thirteen were in the most brilliant condition, and reflected the greatest credit on their respective trainers. The bright particular stars were, however, the Heath House trio, and Apology, who was trained to perfection, as were also the Russley pair. Lady Patricia, too, looked in fine trim, but she has trained light, and will not do her owner much service until she gets another year over her head. The thirteen runners made their appearance on the course a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for the start, which was 15 minutes past 3 o'clock, when the usual parade took place, the lot being led by Volturno, in Mr. Cartwright's bright scarlet liverie, as if in very mockery of the deluded backers of George Frederick, and singularly enough he was followed by Apology, who was succeeded by Trent, Boulet, Feu d'Amour, Atlantic, Rostrevor, Lady Patricia, Sweet Violet, Trent, Leolinus, Blantyre, and Glenalmond. In the canter past the fine sweeping action of Atlantic and Leolinus was very noticeable, while Trent and the Russley pair also moved with great freedom, but nothing went better than Apology, who bowed along as it

nothing had happened to her in the morning. Nevertheless she was only partially restored to favour, 4 to 1 being betted against her, while 5 to 1 was taken about the winner of the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and at half a point more Glenalmond and Feu d'Amour found favour, but Atlantic went back to 100 to 15, while his stable companion, Leolinus, was backed at 7 to 1. These were all that were held in any favour at the falling of the flag for the start, which took place at the second attempt, the first being frustrated by Boulet standing at the post. The Frenchman, however, now went off like a bullet, and, to serve his stable companion, made the pace very hot from the start, the others lying in a compact body, with the exception of Apology and Volturno, the latter of whom was soon conspicuously in the rear, a place he held nearly throughout. It was now apparent that "Mr. John" had determined on adopting the same tactics he was so successful with when he steered Lord Clifden to victory in 1863, for the pace was very strong, which was all Apology needed. Boulet held the lead to the Red House, where he gave way to Leolinus, who had for his immediate followers Feu d'Amour, Rostrevor, and Scamp. The two former, however, soon dropped off beaten, and Apology, attended by Trent, came upon the outside, and, soon after passing the bend, headed Leolinus, who was immediately in trouble, and "the Pride of Yorkshire" won very easily by a length and a half, while five lengths behind him came Trent, a like interval separating him from Scamp, who was fourth, closely followed by Sweet Violet, and Blantyre. Apology thus secured the "triple crown," One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger, a feat hitherto only accomplished by Formosa and Hannah. That she would "beat Trent and secure a place" was my opinion as given on Saturday last, but I did not expect to see her defeat Leolinus, whom I alone of all the Turf writers selected as the most likely horse to win the great prize of the North when the sad *contretemps* of breaking a blood-vessel overtook Atlantic a fortnight back, and which unhappily again befel him when running well. Blantyre proved to be the best of the Russley lot, as I suggested he would prove to be from his running in the Ebor Handicap. But notwithstanding that great performance, he was no company for Apology, Leolinus, nor Trent, who held the three coveted places in one of the fastest St. Legers ever run.

BEACON.
[The conclusion of the letter of our contributor had not been received from Doncaster at the time of our going to press.]

SHOOTING IN ASIA MINOR.

In the year 1864, the Circassian tribes, who for fifty years had held their own in the Caucasus against the gigantic power of Russia, were obliged to yield, and vast swarms of fugitives from the steppes of the Kuban, and the slopes of the Elburz, abandoning their "konacs" in the mountains, emigrated *en masse* to Turkey, with whatever goods and gear they could carry with them. I had been staying a few days with an old Danubian friend, Hassan Pacha, at his "chislik," or country residence, near Arnautkoi, on the Bosphorus, when, early one morning, an aide-de-camp came in with the news that a large Turkish man-of-war, full of refugees from the Caucasus, had arrived from Souchum Kaleh, and was anchored close at hand, within a stone's throw of the house. "Allah talah," exclaimed our host with a knowing twinkle of his eye, "now or never is the time to furnish our zanahahs handsomely, without having dirt thrown on our beards, and being fleeced by those extortionate *pesivrenkler*. So, sound the 'boot and saddle,' and, Insh'allah, we shall be the first in the field, before those rascally Stamboul merchants get wind of the arrival." "Ready, aye, ready," was the order of the day, and with a *posse* of chaushes and retainers, we descended to the jetty where the Pacha's *caiques* were waiting, and in a few moments we were standing on the deck of the Osmanli man-of-war, and, after the usual exchange of salams, pipes and coffee were produced, and the object of our visit explained.

The scene on board was certainly not inviting, and needed a somewhat strong stomach to examine in detail, as the voyage had been a long one, rough weather having been experienced in the Black Sea, and a crowd of men, women, and children were lying huddled up together in groups, pale, emaciated, and apparently half stupified by the privations and hardships they had undergone on the voyage. The unexpected appearance of the Pacha and his somewhat gorgeously arrayed suite produced a considerable sensation, and the officers of the ship vied in their polite attentions to us, pointing out the most desirable-looking of both sexes amongst the various groups, whilst the fathers and husbands were in no way loath to exchange their "rising stock" for Turkish piasters, and a brisk trade was soon opened, wives, sisters, sons, and daughters being offered for sale indiscriminately. Being the first and only customers, there was no competition, consequently the Pacha and his suite had no difficulty in purchasing a few additions to their harem on their own terms, as well as a sufficient number of girls and boys as domestic servants for their household. The supply exceeded the demand by long chalks, consequently the purchasers obtained bargains not to be met with every day, and the Pacha's "kiatib," or secretary, having written out the necessary papers, the documents were signed, and the piasters paid down on the deck. Although slavery as a rule is not to be defended, it must be admitted that in this instance the arrangements made were equally advantageous to the buyer, the seller, and the sold. The Turkish Pacha and several of his suite got a couple or so of pretty wives on the cheap, and several useful helpmates for their establishments, whilst the emigrant, freed from encumbrances, whose mouths he would have to fill, obtained a little stock of the needful to set himself up upon landing, and the girls and boys bought, instead of being kept half starved, would at once find comfortable homes and kind treatment.

Not being disposed either to invest in a wife or set up as a householder in Turkey, I was merely a spectator—although I was importuned on all sides to buy—when my attention was attracted to two handsome, athletic young fellows who stood aloof, and appeared to be of a higher cast than the rest. Finding that they spoke Turkish, I entered into conversation with them, and ascertained that, they having compromised themselves too much to hope for lenient terms from the Russians, had abandoned their home for a time, and were thinking of joining the Turkish army. Being very much prepossessed by their manly bearing and general appearance, I offered to take them both into my service, and then and there arranged that they should accompany me in a shooting expedition I intended to make in the Kula Mountains, between Batoun and Ardahan, and never had I better reason to congratulate myself upon my skill as a physiognomist, for two more willing, faithful, and devoted followers a man never had. My arrangements were made in far less time than those of the Pacha and his staff, and whilst I was waiting for the completion of their settlement, I was persuaded by a withered, shrivelled up old crone to buy her grandson, a healthy, merry-looking, bright-eyed boy about thirteen years old, who forthwith became a part of my goods and chattels in exchange for ten five-franc pieces, and to whom in the course of a few days was entrusted the special

charge of some half-dozen chibouks, a narghillai or hookah, a couple of bull-terriers, and a grand old retriever, my constant companions.

When all arrangements were concluded, a ship's boat was lowered, and the new acquisitions were passed into it, strange to say without a sign of emotion or show of feeling being perceptible either on one side or the other. I tried to get a glimpse of "the bargains" obtained by my host, but they were now too closely veiled for any recognition of their features. I noticed however that they were all of the fat kind; so that condition had evidently been taken into consideration in their selection.

The Pacha, although considerably elated at his success, did not appear, I thought, quite at his ease. Perhaps he anticipated "a shine" in his establishment amongst the old stock, who might not be over-pleased at the augmentation of his household; perhaps he felt that he was somewhat over-married, and was cogitating upon his increased responsibilities; or perchance he was considering as to which of his new acquisitions he should first "throw the handkerchief." He appeared deep in thought, and as I knew he would have his hands full for a few days, I intimated my intention of returning for a time to Mysieres' hotel, my old head-quarters at Pera, with my charge, to which arrangement he tacitly consented. Upon landing at the jetty, I perceived the dilapidated condition of my new followers' externals; so having taken leave of the Pacha, bidding one of his chaushes to accompany me, I engaged a passing *caique* and landed at the Stamboul side of the Galata bridge, then making my way to the bazaar, I got each of them a complete and serviceable rig-out, and sending them under charge of the chaush to the baths, they were enabled to make a very decent appearance at the hotel. There I was joined a couple of days afterwards by Captain Vaughan and Mr. Steuart, who were both going to take part in the Georgian expedition, and having obtained a passage in a government despatch boat, we landed at Batoun with all our belongings and people, who formed a little host in themselves.

The Seraskier had very kindly given me letters to the Pachas in authority in Batoun and Ardahan, so that we soon found comfortable quarters, and had no difficulty in hiring sufficient baggage animals to transport our gear. We also each of us bought a couple of sturdy, colb-like, little mountain horses at prices varying from £12 to £15 each for our own riding, and having obtained two trusty guides and one of the Pacha's official messengers for procuring supplies, we made a start inland.

During the war of 1855, after the surrender of General Williams, whilst making my way from the neighbourhood of Erivan, *via* Ardahan to Batoun, I made the acquaintance of several of the Georgian chiefs of the Kula range, and learned from them that bears, red deer, and other game abounded in the ravines on the southern slopes of the range, and it was to renew this acquaintance, and more especially to hunt over this district, that I again found my way into Asia Minor.

Three short marches brought our party to the foot of the Kula range, and skirting the base until we found a pass, two more along somewhat difficult mountain tracks brought us to the hamlet of Beuk-kara-su, situated in a broad, shallow, well wooded valley in the very heart of the range. This was the residence of my good friend, the Aga Ghoolam Ali, who received us with great cordiality; so I determined to make his village my head-quarters for a time. At my special request he assigned for our use a couple of decent-looking huts in a small enclosed garden on the outskirts of the village, which we preferred to an establishment of much greater pretensions near his own house, as being more private.

Knowing from experience the necessity of a careful purification of the establishment if we intended to sleep in comfort, we remained under canvas a couple of days, whilst the huts underwent a thorough cleansing. The walls being of sunburnt brick, and the floor of mud, I had the old roof pulled off, and lighted brushwood fires inside and out, so as to kill all undesirable occupants, and then after the place had been thoroughly cleaned out and thatched with fresh grass, it made extremely comfortable quarters. The second hut, having undergone a similar purification, was assigned to our followers, a cooking-house and commodious sheds for our horses were constructed, so that the whole party and its belongings were housed comfortably in case of bad weather. The villagers cut the grass for thatching as well as for our horse's food, taking them out with their own herds to graze when not wanted, and the Aga sent round to all the adjacent villages to enquire of the herdsmen as to the haunts of any bears they might know of. From every side we received credible accounts of game, and our prospects were most encouraging.

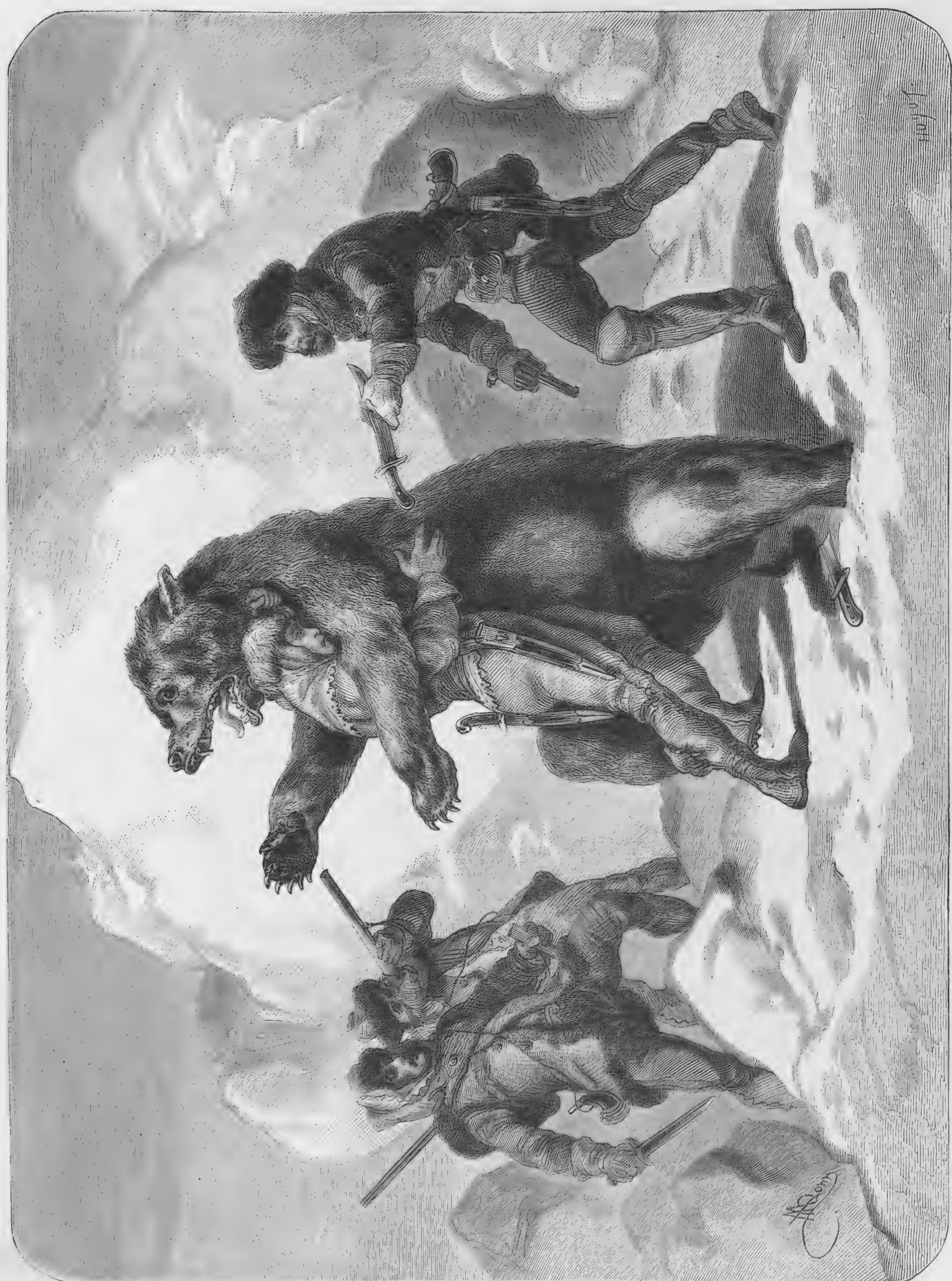
The first three days after our arrival we were too much engaged in establishing ourselves to go after large game, but Steuart killed a brace of bustards within sight of the village, and enough grey partridge, with an occasional pheasant or hare for the pot, were to be picked up at any time in some low bush skirting a few scattered patches of cultivation. The fourth day we invited the Aga and several of the headmen of the adjacent villages to a grand feast, buying a fat bullock and some sheep for the occasion, and after justice had been done to the good cheer, it was arranged that on the next day the villagers should be collected and beat up a ravine some three miles distant, into which a couple of bears had been tracked, and which was known to be full of game.

Starting at daybreak, the Aga, and two of his people as guides, conducted us to the foot of a rather steep hill, where we found some forty villagers assembled, armed with all kinds of antiquated fire-arms, and we were informed that an equal number were collected about a mile further on. A densely wooded ravine cleft the side of the mountain, and we were to make our way as stealthily as possible up the slope of the hill, and take post on each side of the head of the ravine, whilst the villagers, closing in from both sides, beat towards us. The plan seemed to promise well, and there was scarcely a breath of air stirring to betray our presence; so we commenced operations by clambering up the dry rocky bed of a torrent that had worn a way in the side of the mountain.

We were none of us in very good condition after Embassy feeds and the dissipations of Pera; so we had to stop from time to time to rest, for the steep ascent much resembled the side of the grand pyramid near Cairo, except that some of the steps were very much higher, and that the hill was some six times the height of old Cheops' tomb. On the way we saw several slots of red deer, and twice we heard game breaking through the underwood in the ravine below us. At last we gained the crest of the hill, and moving cautiously along the ridge so as not to appear conspicuous against the sky-line, we got to the head of the ravine, where we found gullies branching off in two directions.

On examination of the ground, we noticed the sign of bears, two days old, and quite fresh "pugs" of a pack of wolves, who must have passed into the ravine that morning. There were also several fresh slots of deer, leading in and out of the ravine, and from the size of the sign there must have been one or two good harts among the herd. Having made sure that there was no other easy outlet or run leading out of the head of the ravine, it was decided that Vaughan and Steuart should watch one passage, whilst I guarded the other. We had each a double breech-loading rifle and a revolver, and in addition to my 10-bore Westley-Richards, I had a double 4-bore duck gun, loaded with B.B. shot, which was carried by Cassim, one of the Circassians, whilst his brother Ali shouldered an American axe, and

(Continued on page 718.)



AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

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The CORPORATION STAKES (handicap) of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 10⁰ added; winners extra; the second received 25 sovs out of the stakes. Red House in. 19 subs. Mr. E. Etches's b m Celibacy, by Lord Clifden—Convent's dam, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb Glover 1 Mr. T. Holmes's ch c Fontarabian, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb Ralton 2 Mr. C. B. Brook's b m Instantly, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb F. Archer 3 Capt. Dove's br f Marion, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb Morbey 0 Mr. Johnstone's b g Brother to Bras de Fer, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb, Thompson 0 Betting: 6 to 4 agst Celibacy, 3 to 1 agst Instantly, 100 to 30 agst Fontarabian, and 11 to 2 agst Brother to Bras de Fer. The two favourites ran in close company, with Fontarabian lying next, to the distance. Instantly then gave way to Fontarabian, who, however, had no chance of overtaking Celibacy, the mare winning by a length, a length and half dividing second and third. Marion was fourth, and Brother to Bras de Fer last. The MUNICIPAL STAKES of 200 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 10lb, fillies 8st 7lb. Red House in. Reduced to 2 subs. Mr. Launde's ch c Hieroglyphic, by Hermit—Lexicon, 8st 10lb J. Osborne w.o.

Latest Betting.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

BETTING AT THE SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS BEFORE RACING.
14 to 1 agst Benedictine (taken).
50 — 1 — Whitebait (taken).
5000 — 75 — Sabinus (taken).

BETTING ON THE COURSE.
4000 to 200 agst Whitehall (taken).

Principal Turf Fixtures for 1874.

CESAREWITCH STAKES (2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards). Tuesday, October 13
MIDDLE PARK PLATE (6 furlongs) Wednesday, October 14
CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES (1 mile 240 yards). Tuesday, October 27
LIVERPOOL GREAT LANCASHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile). Wednesday, Nov. 11
LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP (1½ mile). Friday, November 13
SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile). Wednesday, Nov. 18
SHREWSBURY CUP (2 miles) Friday, November 20

Advertisements.

SALES BY AUCTION.

WALTONS PARK, NEAR LINTON, CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE, AND SAFFRON WALDON. TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, upon the premises, at WALTONS PARK, on MONDAY, September 23, the ENTIRE BREEDING STUD, the property of Hugh D. Raincock, Esq., consisting of about

TWENTY-FIVE MARES, most of them thoroughbred, and covered by The Drake, hired last year of the Glasgow Stud, and one of the most powerful thoroughbred horses in England. The Drake is by Stockwell, dam by Pyrrhus the First out of Miss Whip.

About

SIXTEEN TWO-YEAR-OLDS, most of them by Young Toxophilite (also hired from the Glasgow Stud), by Toxophilite.

The stallion DUNDONNEL, by Dundee out of Victrix, 4 years old, a rich dark brown, bred by the late Mr. Blenkin.

TWO HORSES, which have been regularly hunted, and are well known.

THREE HORSES, which have been regularly driven, &c.

Further particulars, pedigrees, &c., will appear in future papers.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

J. S. GOWER AND CO. will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.

HERBERT RY MILL, Proprietor.

HORSES, CHARGERS, HUNTERS, Ladies' Horses, and Harness Ponies for SALE, on Commission, and for Hire, at the ROYAL MILITARY RIDING SCHOOL, 9, Gloucester-crescent, Hyde-park, W. Every trial allowed. Lessons on road and in school daily for ladies, gentlemen, and children; also leaping lessons. Classes for lance and sword exercise under Riding Masters Poole (late 10th Hussars) and Wightman (late 17th Lancers).

MISS ANNIE ADAMS'S Newest and Most Popular Published Drawing-room Songs:—
MY BOY (and MY GIRL).
ANNIE, DARLING.
COURTING AFTER DARK.
GOOD-BYE, LOVE.
HE HAS THE MONEY, TOO.
THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

When the Band Begins to Play. I Would if I Could, but Can't
Upon the Grand Parade. The Military Man.
Why Shouldn't We be Jolly. That's the Man for Me.
Don't Bother Me, Charlie. Gaslight Green; Hair-dyeing Folly.
Post Free, Eighteen Stamps each.

NEW SONGS BY CIRO PINSUTI.

THE OWL. 4s.
LOVE WILL SHINE ALL THROUGH. 4s.

THE FAIREST MAIDEN LED THE DANCE. 4s.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG. 3s.

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277 and 279, Regent-street, London, W.

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The Whip Galop. By Weppert. 3s.
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Ashante Quadrilles. By Weppert. 4s.
Bride's Valse. By P. F. Boxstis. 4s.
Bridal Galop. By John Cheshire. 4s.
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FREEMAN & GAGE, 15, Beaufort-buildings, Strand, W.C.

YOUNG'S ARNICATED CORN AND BUNION PLAISTERS are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease, and removing those painful excrescences. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Any Chemist not having them in stock can procure them.

Observe the Trade Mark—H.Y.—without which none are genuine. Be sure and ask for Young's.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The

excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist.

Calendar for Week ending September 26.

MONDAY, Sept. 21.
Meopham.

TUESDAY, Sept. 22.
Derby (1st day).
Cork Park Autumn (1st day).
Bristol Autumn (1st day).

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23.
Derby (2nd day).
Cork Park Autumn (2nd day).
Bristol Autumn (2nd day).

THURSDAY, Sept. 24.
Bristol Autumn (3rd day).
Western Meeting, Ayr (2nd day).
Monmouth (1st day).
Sheffield (1st day).

FRIDAY, Sept. 25.
Western Meeting, Ayr (3rd day).
Monmouth (2nd day).
Sheffield (2nd day).
Hendon (1st day).

SATURDAY, Sept. 26.
Hendon (2nd day).

COLOURS OF RIDERS.—Mr. W. Day, jun., chocolate, white hoops, quartered cap.

STEEPLE-CHASE FORFEIT LIST.—The forfeits of the following horses have been paid:—Raby, Trumpet.

PERIWINKLE, by Adventurer out of Caller Ou, 2 yrs, is now trained by Osborne at Tugpall, Middleham.

GEORGE FREDERICK was struck out of the St. Leger at seven minutes past nine on Wednesday morning.

INEZ.—This mare was sold to Mr. Davidson for 300 guineas after winning the Milton Stakes at Doncaster on Wednesday.

POUDRIÈRE.—This three-year-old has arrived safely in France. She runs in the French Omnium next Sunday, and will be ridden by Butler.

LEICESTER RACES.—A number of stakes for the Leicester fixture are advertised to close and name on or before Tuesday next, to Messrs. Weatherby, to Mr. T. Marshall, or to Mr. H. Mason.

THE AUTUMN ACCEPTANCES.—For the Cesarewitch Stakes there are 62 acceptances, and for the Cambridgeshire 131, the respective numbers last year being 86 and 131, whilst for 1872 they were 76 and 138.

TURF NOMENCLATURE.

Mr. W. Holman's	Red House in.	19 subs.	Red House in.	19 subs.	The Thrift
B m (late Lady of the Manor) by Underhand out of Rapette, 5 yrs	5 yrs	Col. Williams's	Col. Williams's	Col. Williams's	Flying King
Br c by Cape Elyaway out of Maid of Kent, 4 yrs	4 yrs	Mr. E. Temple's	Mr. E. Temple's	Mr. E. Temple's	Mount Grace
Filly foal by The Earl or The Palmer out of Kilbride, by Mountain Deer		Sir Frederick Johnstone's two-year-olds.	Sir Frederick Johnstone's two-year-olds.	Sir Frederick Johnstone's two-year-olds.	Duke of Parma
Br c by The Duke out of Palm		B c by Trumpeter out of Crytheia	B c by Trumpeter out of Crytheia	B c by Trumpeter out of Crytheia	Town Crier

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON'S ESTATES.—The interruption which has arisen in the conduct of the ducal affairs in connection with the town of Hamilton and neighbourhood by the sudden departure and break-down of his grace's chamberlain has been most serious, but on learning what had occurred the duke sought at once to remedy any inconvenience so far as he could, and came to the palace to meet his commissioner, Mr. Padwick, in order to confer on the subject. The result has been that the latter gentleman at once promptly discharged all claims on his grace, and relieved the tradesmen generally from any cause of apprehension. It is a great satisfaction to find that, so far as the officials in the office are concerned, their integrity is unimpeached.—*Glasgow News*.

MEOPHAM RACES.—This course, which has always been good going in August, is now in first-class order for the racing on Monday next. A pony race has been added to the programme. If the Gravesend Stakes should not fill, a Scurry Handicap will close on the course. A special train leaves Victoria and Ludgate Hill in the morning at cheap fares (4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.), and conveyances will be at Meopham Station, the train returning the same day at 6. 30.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN MIDDLEHAM CHARACTER.—On Wednesday, a man named Stevens (*alias* "Sailor"), who for some years has acted as valet to the North-country jockeys, died at Middleham, after several weeks' illness.

SIGHT IS THE GREATEST GEM OF NATURE.

EDE'S PATENT AMERICAN EYE LIQUID.

THE Cures this Liquid is effecting every day are Marvellous! Dimness, aged, weak, watery, sore, bloodshot, kells, catarracts, specks, colds, inflamed, near-sight, over-worked, and every disease of the Eye can be cured in a few dressings.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

Some of the most wonderful Cures ever witnessed of men, women, and children, some who had been in Hospitals and under the best Medical Men of the Day. Sold in bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

Mr. Ede.—Sir.—Will you send me another bottle of your Eye Liquid. Please send it by return as I cannot possibly do without it. It is doing me good.—Yours respectfully, J. GENDERS, London Road, Chesterton.

Sudden, near Rochdale, Lancashire, Sept. 29, 1873.
Mr. Ede.—Sir.—Will you please send me another bottle of your American Eye Liquid at 2s. 9d. The last has done me a great deal of good, and I think another will make a perfect cure.—Yours truly, J. YARWOOD.

Gower-road, near Swansea, Sept. 29, 1873.

Sir.—I am happy to inform you that the bottle of Eye Liquid I received from you has quite cured my eyes, after years of near-sight. I would recommend it to all miners and others with weak eyes.

Yours respectfully, GEORGE HOPKINS.

The following is an extract from the *Official "Lloyd's List"* of June 19, 1874:—"The Human Eye and its Diseases."—Few persons are aware how marvellously beautiful and complex a structure is the organ of vision, nor is it possible for us within the limited space of a mere paragraph to explain the various peculiarities so fully that our readers might obtain only an abstract notion thereof. Volumes have already been devoted to the subject by eminent occultists, and other surgical authorities; poets and philosophers also have eulogised the wondrous and charming influences of this "window of the soul" and "queen of the senses," but our purpose in these brief remarks is not that of an essayist, but rather an allusion to the minor ailments to which the eyes of most people are so frequently subject and exposed, more particularly those resident in tropical or humid latitudes, such as dimness, weakness, watery, sore, or inflamed eyes, forms of disease which, though oftentimes purely local, are exceedingly troublesome and painful to the sufferer, and if neglected for a length of time may possibly become a constitutional disorder. It may be observed, also, that many eye lotions used are absolutely dangerous in the hands of unskilled persons, because of certain strong chemicals or poisonous properties which they contain. One specific, however, for alleviating the affections alluded to has recently been brought under our notice, supported by innumerable testimonials of an entirely voluntary character from all parts of the kingdom, attesting unquestionably with reference to many difficult and long standing cases its speedy efficacy of cure. We allude to the *Patent Eye Liquid*, prepared solely by Mr. John Ede, of the Birchfield Road, Birmingham. We have been assured that this preparation has given complete relief to many who had been previously treated unsuccessfully in some of the leading hospitals, and as may readily be imagined, is much sought after in districts where it has become known. It is furthermore quite harmless in use.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the Wonderful Cures and Great Sale, the *PATENT EYE LIQUID* now commands unparalleled success. Persons are now trying to palm off a Spurious Article on the Public. Ask for and see that you get *EDE'S PATENT AMERICAN EYE LIQUID* on each Label. Sold in every town in the Kingdom. By post from Mr. John Ede, Birchfield-road, Birmingham.

EDE'S PATENT AMERICAN BLOOD-PURIFYING PILLS.

Have you taken these Pills? If not, give them one trial. They purify the blood, thus giving a vigorous and healthy tone to the stomach, thereby preventing Skin diseases of all kinds, cure Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Bronchitis, and all disorders of the Chest and Throat. These celebrated Pills also cure Headache arising from bilious secretions, Pains in the Side and Back, Gravel, Piles, Wind, Scrofulous, Ulcerations, Plotches and Sores, however long standing. Their efficacy is truly wonderful, greatly surpassing any medicine yet offered to the public. Testimonials far too numerous to admit of publication. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box. Sent to any address on receipt of 13 or 33 stamps by JOHN EDE, Snowball Villa, Birchfield Road, Birmingham.

Agents in every town in the United Kingdom, and from any wholesale Druggist.

Ask Agents for Testimonials, and please send one when cured.

This Liquid and Pills may be obtained from any Chemist or Patent Medicine Vendor in the World.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE of any one having Articles of JEWELLERY or PLATE, however worn or tarnished, they can be made beautiful and equal to new, while waiting, at the

CARBON ELECTRIC GILDING AND SILVERING COMPANY, 89, EDGWARE ROAD, near GEORGE STREET. From the International Exhibition.

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These Enamelled Paper-hangings do not absorb DAMP or INFECTIOUS DISEASES, and are especially adapted for Bedrooms, Nurseries, Colleges, Schools, Hotels, Seaside Lodging-houses, Assembly Rooms, Baths, and Hospitals.

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MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE, HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

SEE NAME ON LABEL. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Sold as Wine in bottles, from 3s.; Lozenges, in boxes, from 2s. 6d.; Globules, in bottles, from 2s.; and as Powder in 1 oz. bottles, at 5s. each, by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,

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INDIGESTION.

SPANISH FLY IS THE ACTING ingredient in ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL, which produces Whiskers and thickens Hair. 3s. 6d., sent by post for 54 stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London, and all Chemists.

COMPLEXION PILLS (ALEX. ROSS'S).—They quickly clear the skin, remove black specks, and make all faces bright and pleasing. 2s. 6d., sent by post for 34 stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, LL.D., 248, High Holborn, London.

GREY HAIR, 248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S HAIR DYE produces a perfect colour immediately it is used. It is permanent, and perfectly natural in effect. Price 3s. 6d., sent by post for 54 stamps; and all Chemists.

HAIR COLOUR WASH.—By damping the hair with this beautifully perfumed Wash, in two days the hair becomes its original colour, and remains so by an occasional using. 10s. 6d., sent for stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London; and all Chemists.

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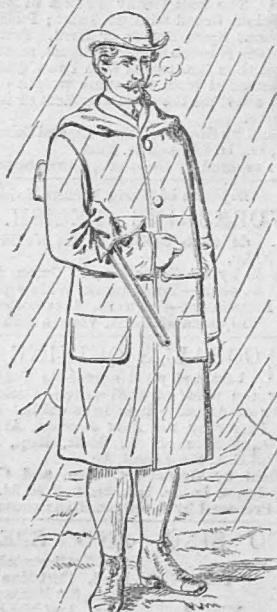
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Sept 19. 1874

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THE best and cheapest Aërial Disinfectant in the world. The gas which rises from this bottle, when the stopper is removed, is pure Chlorine, which, from the time of its discovery by Scheele in 1770, has been well known to the chemical world as possessing the most active oxygenating principles. As an enemy to smells, and every kind of noxious effluvia arising from decayed animal or vegetable matter, as also a powerfully destructive agent of the miasma arising from cases of fever, smallpox, and other infectious diseases, it stands pre-eminent. Chlorine is also a powerful deodoriser of all materials as clothing, upholstery, &c., &c. The following testimonial speaks for itself:—

" 56, Shoreditch, London, N.E.,
" November 21, 1873.

" Dear Sir.—I have paid some attention to your new Permanent Disinfecting Bottle, and find that it is well adapted for the purpose of a disinfecter. Its being so portable and so easily used are strong recommendations in its favour. The advantages it possesses over other disinfectants are, that it may be always at hand (as it will keep any length of time), used in a sick room, small or large, or in several rooms during the day as required, and its being perfectly clean, not having to be thrown about the floor, &c. I believe it will be found to render important sanitary service to large numbers of the community.

"I am, yours sincerely,
"JAMES FLACK, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.,
&c., &c."

MR. W. T. BROWN, 56, BRUNSWICK-STREET,
HACKNEY-ROAD.

The bottles are sold at from 6d. to a Guinea each, according to size, make of case, finish, &c., and may be had by order of any Chemist, or direct from the Proprietor. Descriptive Price-Lists forwarded free.

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